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TOM SAYERS' LAST FIGHT.

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I.

You met your conqueror in the ring,
Tom Sayers;
It wasn't Heenan, Mace or King,
Tom Sayers;
His colors were not green or blue,
His face was of an ashen hue.
He said: "I've come to fight with you,
Tom Sayers."

II.

He tossed for place in your own room,
Tom Sayers;
He won the toss and chose the tomb,
Tom Sayers;
He brought his friends—a quiet crowd,
Who never spoke one word aloud—
Then doffed his dress—it was a shroud,
Tom Sayers.

III.

Your muscles were not quite so large,
Tom Sayers;
As when you stood on Farnborough marge,
Tom Sayers;
Your skin was not so purely white,
Your eyes were not so quick of sight,
Besides you fought him in the night,
Tom Sayers.

IV.

He'd won a thousand fights before,
Tom Sayers;
And from the misty, shadowy shore,
Tom Sayers;
His comrades ghostly, gaunt and grim,
Looked thro' the ether, vast and dim,
And wagered two to one on him,
Tom Sayers.

V.

There was no champion's belt at stake,
Tom Sayers;
There were no rules of "give and take,"
Tom Sayers;
No motto: "May the best man win:"
No rabble crowd; no shouts; no din;
He simply said, "Come in, come in,
Tom Sayers."

VI.

You won the first round of the fight,
Tom Sayers;
Tho' he was more than twice your height,
Tom Sayers;
You threw him down with fearful force,
The effort weakened you, of course,
They say you grew a little hoarse,
Tom Sayers.

VII.

But his condition still was prime,
Tom Sayers;
He answered the first call or "Time,"
Tom Sayers;
And then your cheeks grew strangely pale,
And soon your strength began to fail;
Your science could not turn the scale,
Tom Sayers.

VIII.

He shook at you his "bunch of fives,"
Tom Sayers;
They were as sharp and thin as knives,
Tom Sayers;
And when he struck he made you snore,
And when you fell 'twas on that shore
Where "time," I've heard, is called no more,
Tom Sayers.

IX.

We found you lying on your bed,
Tom Sayers;
There were no wounds about your head,
Tom Sayers;
But you were lost in slumber deeper,
Than ever yet was known to sleeper.
For he was Death who "closed your peeper,"
Tom Sayers.

THE PACKAGE OF GOLD;

OR,

Left Till Called For.

On a certain Monday afternoon (I believe it was the 4th of ...ember), about half-past four o'clock, during the winter of ..., I was seated in the private room of my office, at No 17, ...echurch street—a building which, as all my city readers ..., is let out to scores of separate mercantile firms. I was ...ing my letters for the post when my junior clerk told me ... man wished to speak to me at the counter. I walked ac...ingly into the outer office, and found there a decently-dressed ... who touched his hat in a respectful manner, and then said, ... interrogative tone—

"Mr. Rudyard, sir?"

"That is my name."

"I wanted to ask a small favor of you, sir."

"...w, as some dozen or twenty begging letter writers and ven...dors of steel pens come to our office every day, I naturally took ...isitor for one of them, and turning abruptly round, said ...er sharply to my clerk—

"...aven't I told you over and over again to send these sort of ...le away without troubling me?"

"...asked the party if he'd got anything to sell, sir," replied ...erk, "and he said 'No;' I asked him if he'd come for char...d he said 'No,' he only wanted to speak to you."

I, learning this I once more faced the counter and fancied I ... trace in the waning daylight an indignant flush on the ... countenance.

"...ell," I said, more civilly, "what do you want?"

"...want you, sir, to lock up a small parcel for me in your safe ...morrow morning."

"...t you're a perfect stranger to me; why don't you take it to ... the banks?"

"...n a stranger to you, Mr. Rudyard, I know; but I believe ...ther, John Morley, worked as a carman for your father for ... years."

"...know nothing about that."

"...u'll find it was the case, sir; and it was seeing your name ...up in the passage, made me venture to ask the favor I do. ... the banks, I've been there, but they're all shut."

"...s a valuable parcel, I suppose?"

"...it wasn't I shouldn't trouble you, sir. The truth is, sir," ..., dropping his voice, "I'm in company that I can't exactly ...and I shall be in company that I can't exactly trust a l... Kindly take the parcel, sir; I'm waited for down below; ...ll explain everything to-morrow."

...placed a small weighty packet in my hands, done up in ... paper, and carefully fastened with several seals.

"...di?" I said.

"...sir. Nuggets and gold-dust."

"...t may the value be?"

"...out three hundred pounds."

"...supposing, my friend, this should prove to be nothing ...e, stuff you'll call here to-morrow and claim a parcel from ...th three hundred pounds."

"...you fancy that, Mr. Rudyard, open it at once, and see if I'm ...a liar. Only, for goodness' sake, make haste!"

"...l," I replied, after a minute's reflection, "I'll take care of ...u; but mind, I warn you, in the presence of my clerk, ...on't guarantee its safety."

"...not afraid sir, I'm much obliged to you for the favor; and ...ll accept a trifle, young man," he added, turning to my ...nd placing some money in his hand, "why, I shall be all ...er satisfied. I hope to call at eleven o'clock to morrow. ...now me again, I suppose, sir?"

"...haps you'd better take a receipt," I began.

"...nk you, sir; I prefer that no proof of that property should ...d in my pockets to-night."

...hese words he quitted the office.

...n half inclined to think he is a thief," I remarked. "Run ...n, Hatton, and see where he goes to."

...n brought me word that our visitor had joined another ...Gracechurch street, that they had walked swiftly away ..., and got into a Blackwall omnibus in Leadenhall street. ... was the other man like, Hatton?"

"...s getting so dark and foggy that I couldn't see his face. ...ail I do with the half crown, sir?"

"...it in your pocket, and do what you please with it," I ..., rather gruffly.

...uth was, I was annoyed with myself for having listened ...gy's solicitations, and I was also annoyed that I had ...my clerk to accept money at his hands. However, there ...help for it now, so I placed the sealed packet in the safe, ...e home. I felt worried and anxious all the evening. I ... thus with myself: "That packet either contains gold, ...ner represents, or is a dummy parcel of lead. In the ...se it can only be placed in my safe as a preparatory step ...complicated piece of swindling; in the former case it is a severe temptation to Hatton's honesty. He keeps a key of the safe, which usually contains nothing of intrinsic value, except half a dozen sovereigns and a pound's worth of silver in the petty cash box; whereas now he has three hundred pounds' worth of most convertible property within his grasp. His salary is only sixty pounds a year, and I know that he has a passion for visiting music halls." I slept uneasily, dreaming that Mr. Morley's packet was filled with combustibles, which exploded, and blew myself and my books into Finsbury Circus.

I usually reach my office about half-past ten; but I got there on the morning following Morley's deposit at nine, and astonished Hatton, who was just putting his key into the door. I muttered something about having a letter to write for the early post, and then eagerly watched the opening of the safe.

"Well, Mr. Hatton," I asked, with assumed jocularity, "is the packet of nuggets all right?"

"All right, sir," said he, placing it before me.

I examined it closely, and finding it was precisely in the same condition as I had left it over night, felt ashamed that I had so unworthily suspected him.

As eleven o'clock drew near, I questioned my senior clerk, who had been absent on the preceding evening.

"Sulman," I said, "you were a long time with my father in Billiter street; do you recollect a carman of the name of Morley?"

"Morley! Morley!" murmured the old gentleman, as he rubbed his spectacles; "the name seems familiar to me, but I can't recall anything about him just now, sir."

"Oh, never mind! the man who says he is his son will be here presently, and then you can question him."

Now, if at the appointed time, or within any reasonable period after, Morley had called at the office, claimed his packet, thanked us for the care we had taken of it, and then walked away, the affair would have been commonplace enough, and I should never have sat down to write this story; but the whole of that day, and several subsequent days, passed away without the owner of the sealed packet making his appearance. My fears about Hatton's honesty began to revive, and to save him from temptation, and myself from anxiety, I took the parcel to my bankers, and requested them to lock it up in their strong room.

On Tuesday, the 12th of December, I said to Sulman—

"A full week has now elapsed, Sulman; I think we ought to communicate with the police."

"I think we ought, sir," said the old clerk.

"I beg your pardon, sir," interposed Hatton, "but would you please to read this paragraph?"

He handed me a daily paper, in which I read that the body of a man had been discovered on the preceding Sunday evening, in Limehouse Cut, under the arch of Bow Common Bridge. There were no letters or papers on the person of the deceased which would lead to his identification, but in one of his trousers pockets was a small nugget of gold, worth about £1 10s.

"Put on your overcoat, Mr. Hatton, and come with me to the Fenchurch Street Railway Station," I said.

We quitted the train at Limehouse, and with some little difficulty found our way to the parochial dead house. I am not much accustomed to horrors, and the sight of the swollen body, with its staring eyes and distorted features, almost sickened me. But both Hatton and myself unhesitatingly declared that the deceased was the same person who, eight days previous, had visited our counting house. Moreover, any doubts that we might have felt were presently afterwards dissipated by the arrival of a shabbily dressed careworn woman, who, amid tears and convulsive sobs, gave her name as Jane Morley, of No. 22 Atkins street, Waterloo road; and stated that she was the unfortunate wife of the deceased man, Henry Morley.

Of course Hatton and myself were present at the inquest. After two bargemen had deposed to the fact of the discovery of the body on the preceding Sunday night, Mrs. Morley came forward, and having formally identified the deceased, gave evidence to the following effect:—

That her husband had been for a long time out of employment, and that his spirits had latterly become much depressed. He had never threatened to commit suicide, but had often hinted in a vague way that there must be a change before long. She had last seen him alive at two o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, the 4th December (the same day on which Morley visited our office.) He was an engineer by trade, and had then left home with the avowed intention of applying for a vacancy, which he had heard of, in the works of Messrs. Adams and Breane, in the Belvedere Road, Lambeth. She was entirely unable to account for the nugget found in his pocket. He had earned nothing for weeks, and had asked her for a shilling as he left the house. She gave him two fourpenny pieces.

One of the jury here asked whether any money was found on deceased's person.

A police constable who assisted the bargemen in landing the body, stated that he took a fourpenny piece and a halfpenny out of the deceased's waistcoat pocket.

The coroner then asked Mrs. Morley if her husband was an intemperate man.

She replied with some unwillingness, that latterly he had given way to drink.

John Thomas, pay-clerk in the office of Messrs. Adams and Breane, proved that the deceased called there on the Monday in question about half past two o'clock. He knew Morley slightly, from having had previous applications for employment from him. He told deceased that the vacancy had been filled up that morning, upon which he exclaimed—"Just like my luck!" and walked slowly away. The deceased would have no chance of employment at Messrs. Adams' shop, as he was unable to produce any reference or character from his last employers. Witness understood that he had been many years in Australia.

Mrs. Morley being re-called, and examined by the coroner, admitted that her husband had been transported to Van Dieman's Land eleven years ago, for stabbing a shopmate in a quarrel. Morley's brother afterwards went out to Melbourne as a free emigrant, and had paid her passage out, in order that she might join her husband. James Morley was, she believed, still out there, and was doing well; but no letters passed between them. The brothers were not friendly. Her husband, as soon as he obtained his freedom, became discontented with the colonies, and fancied he should do better in England. A twelvemonth ago they had returned home.

"Who paid the passage-money?" asked the coroner.

"We paid most of it ourselves; but James Morley gave something towards it."

My name was next proclaimed, and I proved that the deceased had called at my office on the Monday in question, and deposited a parcel in my possession.

The parcel was now produced, and opened in the presence of the coroner. It contained, according to the estimate of an experienced bullion-dealer, who was summoned as a witness, nuggets and gold dust to the value of £320 or £380. No writing of any kind was discoverable, either within or without the package; but the inner wrappers consisted of portions of the *Melbourne Argus*, of a date about four months previous to the time of the present inquiry.

"Was it dark, or light, at the time of this man's visit, Mr. Rudyard?" asked the coroner.

"It was growing dusk, and I was just about to order the gas to be lit."

"But it was not lit before he quitted your office?"

"No."

"Then you could not see his face clearly?"

"I saw his face quite distinctly, but it was one of those commonplace faces that leave no strong impression on the memory."

"You swear that the body which the jury has just seen is the body of the man who left this deposit in your hands?"

"I swear that such is my belief. Both myself and my clerk identified the body before Mrs. Morley made her appearance."

I need not recapitulate Hatton's evidence, which, excepting for the statement that he had seen the deceased enter a Black wall omnibus with another man, whose appearance he was unable to describe, tallied substantially with my own.

Richard Neaves, a dock laborer, stated that he was proceeding homewards along the East India Road, Poplar, as near as he could guess, about six o'clock on Monday, the 4th December, when he passed two men who were talking earnestly together at the corner of a street. It was too dark to distinguish their faces, but he distinctly heard one say to the other, "I couldn't trust you, so I had it left at Mr. ——," some name which the witness was unable to remember.

"Rudyard?" asked the coroner.

That might be it, the witness replied, but he could not swear it. "What in Gracechurch street?' said the other man. He passed on, and heard no more.

The medical man who examined the body, deposed to the existence of some cuts and bruises on the head and body of deceased. These injuries might be caused by blows from a weapon, or, with equal probability, from striking against the abutments of the bridge. The body had been apparently a full week in the water. The internal organs, with the exception of the liver, which showed signs of intemperance, were tolerably healthy. This concluded the evidence, and the coroner then addressed the jury as follows:—

"I need not tell you, gentlemen, that this is an extraordinary case; the evidence to which you have just been listening, from the startling contradictions which it involves, fully bears out the epithet I have used. Let us briefly recapitulate the facts that have been disclosed. A man named Henry Morley, an engineer by trade, leaves his home in the Waterloo Road for the alleged purpose of seeking employment at a factory in the Belvedere Road, Lambeth. At half-past two he is seen at the factory, and on finding that the situation he hoped to obtain is filled up, walks slowly away. We now lose sight of him for two hours, when he reappears at the office of Mr. Rudyard, No. 17 Gracechurch street. He represents to Mr. Rudyard that he (the deceased) is in bad company, and that he will have to be in bad company all the night; thereby implying that he has not voluntarily sought the person or persons whom he is with. He entreats Mr. Rudyard, on the strength of a former connection with that gentleman's family (which on inquiry proves perfectly correct), to take charge of a parcel for him, and refuses to take a receipt, on the grounds that he wishes no proof of the property to be found that night on his person. This expression becomes very important, when coupled with what afterwards took place. Mr. Rudyard seems at the time to have thought (and not altogether unnaturally) that these words showed that the parcel of nuggets had been obtained dishonestly, but it seems more reasonable to my mind to believe they were uttered from distrust of the companion who was waiting for him below. It is right to remark in this place, that Morley's manner, in the opinion of Mr. Rudyard and his clerk, betrayed no symptom of depression or insanity. He appeared hurried and slightly nervous, but perfectly cheerful. To continue the chain of narrative. Directly Mr. Rudyard agreed to accept the custody of the packet, Morley quitted the office, followed by Mr. Nicholas Hatton, the clerk. Unfortunately, the gloom of the evening, added to the crowded state of the street, prevented this witness from getting a good view of Morley's companion. He merely saw that they hurried away, and entered a Blackwall omnibus together. We now reach the time when, as far as our knowledge extends, the deceased Henry Morley was last seen alive. Richard Neaves overhears a conversation between two men in the East India Road, Poplar. 'I couldn't trust you,' says one man, 'so I left it at Mr. ——,' name not distinguished. To which the other replies, interrogatively, 'What, in Gracechurch street?' Now, of course, this dialogue may have taken place between two unknown persons, and have had no reference whatever to Morley's affairs; but I am strongly inclined to think, remembering the locality where this conversation took place (the witness swears that it was at the corner of Augustus street, which is the direct thoroughfare from the East India Road to Bow Common Bridge), I am strongly inclined to think, that one of those men was the deceased. Six days from that time the body of the deceased is found in Limehouse Cut, having been, according to the testimony of the medical men, a full week in the water.

"Now, gentlemen, your duty on the present occasion is not to reconcile conflicting points of evidence, but to ascertain, if possible, how Henry Morley came to his death. I take it for granted that the body is proved to be that of Henry Morley; any doubt on that head is removed by the concurrent testimony of the widow, Messrs. Rudyard and Hatton, and Mr. Thomas. It appears, then, that the deceased, although possessing property, was in possession, or at any rate in charge of, valuable property; that he thoroughly distrusted his companion; that he left his property for safety in Mr. Rudyard's hands; and that a week later his body was discovered in the canal. The case, gentlemen, is of so doubtful a character, and surrounded with so many contradictions, that I think an open verdict will best serve the ends of justice."

The jury retired for nearly an hour. There was evidently a strong party among them who wished to bring in a verdict of "wilful murder" against Henry Morley's unknown companion; but at last the coroner's prudent view prevailed, and their foreman announced that Henry Morley's body was found, &c., &c., but how it came into the water there was no evidence to show.

"I think, gentlemen," said the coroner, "that is a very proper verdict. It leaves it open to the police to follow up any inquiries they please."

When the inquest was over, Mrs. Morley begged that some portion of the gold placed in my hands, or at least the nugget found in her deceased husband's pocket might be delivered up to her, she was a very poor woman, she said, who earned a precarious living by charing and washing, and a pound or two would be a godsend.

The coroner replied that he could make no order on the subject; the gold must remain in the custody of the police authorities, unless she could prove that her husband had a clear title to it.

Thus terminated the inquest, leaving us all in a state of great excitement. As for myself, I was so intensely desirous to dispel the mystery which hung around Henry Morley's death, that a few days afterwards I asked Inspector Macarthy, of the Z division of police, whether he would mind accompanying me as a private friend on a visit to the widow.

"I want to give the poor woman a trifle if I find her deserving of it," I said; "and if you go with me as a private friend, you may pick up something worth hearing. What sort of a character does this woman bear?"

"Very fair, considering the sort of company she's kept; so her neighbors say. A hardworking woman, and I dare say honest enough, unless a bottle of gin lay in her way."

"And what do the neighbors say of her husband, Mr. Macarthy?"

"Nothing good. He was a morose, surly, dismal sort of fellow when sober; and an ugly customer when in liquor."

"Honest?"

"I've no evidence that he was dishonest. He was lagged for using the knife, not for thieving. But most men who have taken their degrees, Mr. Rudyard, in a penal college, will rob if they get a good chance."

"Then what do you think of the whole affair?"

"I think Morley robbed somebody—some old Australian crony, may be, that he had picked up—that he then met with one of his London pals, a worse villain than himself, and began bragging of his plunder; that then he got frightened of his companion, and made a bold stroke by leaving the gold with you. His pal wouldn't believe he had left it behind, they had a scuffle on the canal bridge, and Morley fell into the water."

"Very ingeniously put together," said I; "but I don't think it will square with the facts. Here we are at Atkins street."

I need not stop to describe Atkins street, which was one of those dingy thoroughfares abounding on the Surrey side of the bridges, with swarms of children in the roadways, and festoons of trousers and petticoats fluttering on the clothes lines overhead.

We found Mrs. Morley at home, doing her own washing, and at the sight of my gift of a sovereign she burst into tears.

"God bless you, gentlemen," she exclaimed, "for coming here to-day! I'd begun to be very hard drove, for I'm three weeks behind with my rent, and the landlord he threatened yesterday to put the broker in, though God knows there's nothing worth taking."

"I thought you used to go out charing, Mrs. Morley?" observed Inspector Macarthy.

"So I did use to, sir, but the mechanics' ladies that employed me to help 'em in a heavy wash won't do so any longer since the inquest. They've read in the papers that my poor husband had been a government prisoner, and they won't have me in their apartments. And what's more, the neighbors say that Morley robbed somebody of that gold, and then got murdered himself."

Macarthy winked significantly at me, as much as to say, "Don't you see that I have hit on the truth?"

"The obvious and popular, but possibly not the true view," I whispered in return.

"The street children, even, gentlemen, won't play with mine. They call 'em little convicts and murderers."

"Well, it's an unfortunate business, Mrs. Morley," said the inspector. "How many children have you got?"

"Three, sir—the three youngest; all there is left out of nine."

"You see, Mrs. Morley, if you could account honestly for your husband's possession of that parcel of gold, all these annoyances would cease."

"I can't account for it," she cried, wiping her eyes with her apron. "But I'm sure he never stole it. My husband was never a thief. He was a sullen-tempered man always, and a man who pondered over an injury. That's how he came to be transported. And it was being put among all them thieves and pickpockets aboard the convict ship that broke his heart. He was never good for anything afterwards. I partly blame his brother James for that. He was kind in giving money, but he couldn't bear to be intimate with his convict relations, and he was glad to ship us off to England out of the way."

"Have you any notion, Mrs. Morley," I asked, "who was your husband's companion on that Monday afternoon?"

"I've no idea," she answered. "My Harry was a man that kept himself to himself. He had no friends, and never went out of his way to speak to anybody."

After some more conversation we left the house, having apparently gained very little information. When I asked Inspector Macarthy what he thought, he replied, drily—"I don't know what to think," and relapsed into silence.

On my return to the office (it was just five o'clock), Hatton informed me that there was a gentleman waiting impatiently to see me in my private room. He gave his name as Mr. Canfield, an assistant-surgeon at the London Hospital, in the Whitechapel Road, and then spoke thus—

"On Monday night, the 4th inst., a patient was brought to our accident ward, suffering from compression of the brain. He was totally insensible, and for many days his life was despaired of. This afternoon, for the first time, he has shown symptoms of consciousness, began to murmur indistinct sentences, and at last audibly mentioned, so the nurse tells me, your name and address. I think you should see him, for you may recognize the poor fellow, who, I fancy—as no inquiries have been made about him—is utterly friendless in London."

The correspondence of the date of this accident with the disappearance of Henry Morley at once excited my curiosity, and I immediately accompanied the doctor. As soon as we were seated in a cab, I inquired what the nature of the accident was.

"Rather a singular one," he replied. "Two men were fighting in the Commercial Road, near the Stepney Railway Station, and a large crowd had assembled round them. The windows of the adjacent houses were also crammed with spectators, who were leaning out eagerly as far as they could, when suddenly a box containing half a dozen heavy flower-pots fell from one of the windows. Several persons were slightly injured, but this unfortunate man received the chief force of the blow. He was picked up, as I have said, totally insensible, a circumstance which had induced some of the scoundrels who were present to rifle his pockets of the whole of their contents. They were found turned inside out and entirely empty, so that we have hitherto been without any clue as to the name, address, or occupation of the patient."

"Were there no marks on his linen?"

"None. His clothes appear to be ship-made and only recently worn. Stay, there is one identifying item about him. His wide-awake hat, being apparently too large for him, had been lined with a pad made from a newspaper. The newspaper is called the *Melbourne Argus*, and is dated about four months since."

"Another coincidence," said I to myself. We had by this time reached the hospital, and I was introduced to the sick man's presence. If your dearest friend suddenly had his head shaved and swathed in linen bandages, you would be puzzled to recognize him. So it was with me in the present instance. The lineaments of that pallid countenance, at first, conveyed no sign to my brain that I had ever encountered them before; but, by degrees, I began to associate the features with the face of Henry Morley, as I had seen him stretched out in the parish dead-house. The idea, which for half an hour past had gradually been taking possession of me, now obtained full mastery; and fixing my eyes steadily on the man's dull, impassible countenance, I said, in a loud, distinct tone—"James Morley!"

The sufferer's face instantly brightened. He slowly brought his hand from beneath the bed-clothes, and gave it to me to shake.

"Your money is safe," I continued.

Another smile, and another attempt at hand-shaking.

"I think that will be enough for the present," I said, turning to the doctor. "He has found one person who knows him at any rate."

Some three weeks later, James Morley, being then entirely convalescent, related his version of the events of the 4th December to a select audience, composed of the coroner, who had held the inquest on his brother's body, Mr. Inspector Macarthy, and myself. I report it as briefly as possible.

"I arrived at London from Melbourne on the 20th of November last. I was a steerage passenger on board the *Monarch of the Main*; and I hid my gold away in my chest to avoid paying freight and export duty. The first thing I did was to go and engage decent lodgings at No. 19 Bartley Street, New North Road, where you'll find my luggage. You may wonder the landlady never made a stir about my absence, but there were two reasons against it. I had paid her a fortnight's rent in advance, and being singularly shy of hearing my own name, I had given her the name of Robinson. As soon as I got settled, I began to think about my gold, and on Monday, the 4th December, I took it to the City, intending to sell it at a money-changer's, and put the cash which I received in its place into one of the banks. But as I was crossing the pavement in front of the Royal Exchange, who should I meet but my brother Harry. I wasn't particularly surprised to see him, but he was astonished to see me. 'Brother,' he says, 'don't be ashamed to shake hands; there's nobody knows us here. You've dropped down, James, like an angel from heaven. We're on our last legs. I've got no character. I can't get any work. I'm desperate; and if I only knew that the misses and kids was provided for—I'd ——.' Here he drew his hand across his throat. Poor wretch! he did, indeed, look awfully down upon his luck, and I felt it all the more because I could see how wonderfully like he was to myself. I had just before been staring at myself in a shop looking-glass, and I said, when I clapped eyes on Harry, 'There's my own double.' My brother then went on to say, 'Jim, I've never been a thief yet, but I must either be one or hang myself. And think what the temptation is! There are men standing within a few yards of us now with money enough in their pockets to keep my family for the rest of their lives. One tap on the skull, on a dark evening like this, and the thing is done.' Now, I always had a bad opinion of my brother's honesty since he was transported, and this sort of talk frightened me, especially when he invited me to come and spend the evening at his lodgings in the Waterloo Road. Thinks I, 'The sooner I get quit of my gold the better;' and seeing the banks all shut, I ventured to ask Mr. Rudyard (on the thought of father being an old servant of the house) to take care of it. When I came down stairs from Mr. Rudyard's office, Harry looked suspiciously at me, and said, 'You've been planting away money.' 'Who told you so?' I asked. 'I know it,' he answered. 'You can't trust a convict. I ain't surprised at it. Nobody trusts me now.' 'Well, never mind that at present,' I said. Come along to Stepney with me; I've got a letter to deliver from a friend of mine in Melbourne.' So we jumped in to the omnibus. When we got out of the 'bus, we were wandering about some time for the street we wanted without being able to find it; at last Harry said (he'd been very moody and silent for a long while), 'Jim, if I was out of the way, would you look after the wife and kids?' 'How d'ye mean, out of the way?' I asked. 'Why, I've been offered, at a place down in Blackwall, to go as an engine fitter to Egypt; but they won't have anybody but a single man. If you'll promise (and I know you're a rich man now) to take care of the misses and kids, I'll go and see about the job at once.' 'Well, Harry,' I answered, 'if you've took to drinking, as I can see you have, and can't earn anything here, you're nothing but a dead weight.' 'That's just what I am,' he answered, hanging down his head. 'But in Egypt I shall do well; I know I shall. You'll promise to take care of 'em?' 'I will.' 'Then good-bye,' he said, holding out his hand. 'Why, you're not going now?' I cried. 'Yes, I am,' he answered, 'if I take the berth; the vessel sails to night. You'll promise to take care of 'em?' he repeated. There was something very odd and queer in his manner, but I fancied all the time he was talking about a real situation. So at last I said, "If you really mean what you say, Harry, and are actually going to-night, take this nugget as a farewell gift. The rest is all locked up.' 'Ah! you couldn't trust me, Jim!' 'No, I couldn't trust you, so I left it at Mr. Rudyard's.' 'What, in Gracechurch street?' said Harry. Those were the last words I ever heard him speak. I returned towards Stepney to try and find out my Melbourne friend's address, stopped, like a gaby, to look at a street row, and next found myself in the London Hospital."

I am happy to say, in conclusion, that James Morley redeemed his promise by taking charge of the widowed sister in law and her children. As for his unfortunate brother, the suspicion of robbery was removed from his name, which was sufficiently blackened by the stigma of suicide. The situation in Egypt was, I believe, a pure fabrication of the moment, darkly shadowing forth to the speaker's mind the gloomy waters of the canal where he proposed ending a miserable and objectless existence.

THE TWO HUNTERS;

OR,

The Last Shot.

At the foot of the Ozark Mountains, where the rocky slopes extended far out into the cultivated settlements, and at no great distance from the bank of the Mulberry, which foamed and roared against the sharp ridges of ice with which the extraordinary severe winter threatened to imprison it, two white hunters walked, wrapped in their blankets, along the stream and seemed to be looking for a place where they could cross to the other side.

They were two powerful looking fellows, as they walked on with their rifles on their shoulders, and the elegantly fringed leggings, the closely fitting and carefully soled moccasins, showed that they had assumed the habits of the woods, and not of those "land hunters" who, especially at that day, had begun traversing the western part of the State in order to find out the most favorably situated districts, and purchase, or at least lay claim to them.

"Bill," one of them, at last said, as he stopped, "our searching is of no use. You see I was right: the stream here is too wide for us to find a tree lying across it, and if I really went to work with my little tomahawk and felled one of the nearest pine trees, it would not be long enough. Besides, a heavy storm is gathering behind us, and I think we should not do wrong were we to make arrangements for passing the night better than the last. It will be bitterly cold."

"It's very annoying, though," Bill answered his brother crossly, "that we should not reach the ravine over there to-night; for, in the first place we should find famous quarters in one of the numerous caves; and besides, I should have liked to look for bears—there are sure to be some there. The water is too cold for us to swim across, and the storm will not be a trifling one; so then to work—here are old trees enough lying about, and a bark roof can be easily made."

"There are almost too many trees lying about," Tom replied, looking all around him; "and those still standing seem rotten and ready to fall. I do not much like the thought of camping here, for you know the story father told once about such a place."

"Nonsense!" Bill said, laughingly, "Can we find a better camping place? The little stream runs along at our feet; there's plenty of wood close and handy—the young trees will furnish famous poles—and the bark there is first-rate for a roof."

Tom made no further objection: the spot looked too inviting, and they were both soon engaged in raising a rude shelter for that night at least, which could afford them a refuge against the collecting storm. Under such good hands the work was easily accomplished; and the next half hour found both under their quickly erected roof, watching the pieces of meat broiling on the fire.

"It's strange how cold it has suddenly turned," Tom at length broke the silence. "Only look! the water in the tin pan is frozen quite hard, and the wind has changed round to the northeast. It blows confoundedly sharp, too."

"Let it blow," Bill yawned, as he wrapped himself closely in the folds of his blanket. "I am tired and want to sleep. Tom, lay a couple of boughs on the fire before you turn in, and the one first awake to-morrow must rouse the other."

Midnight was passed, and the fire had nearly expired, but the two brothers slept on, and the icy north wind that howled over the snow-clad hills into the valley could not disturb their slumbers. Heavy masses of clouds had, however, collected together from various quarters; darkly threatening, they brooded over the rustling forest, and the stately trees shook and bowed their leafless branches as if in timid forebodings of the approaching storm. A bright flash of lightning suddenly burst from the black heavens, and a terrific peal of thunder almost instantaneously followed the messenger of destruction. One of the terrible winter storms was impending, and the unchained hurricane howled and tore through the mountain ravines.

"Bill," cried Tom, springing up in horror; "Bill, get up! We dare not lie down! See how the old trees quiver; and, do you hear? there's one of them cracking."

"Hallo!" Bill replied, as he quickly threw off his blanket; "has it caught us? Hi, Tom! lay hold of the roof; I'm blessed if the confounded northwester won't take it along with it."

His fear was not entirely unfounded; for at the same instant such a furious blast burst from the opposite valley that it half uncovered their resting place in a second, and burning ashes and sparks were carried far away in the gloom of night. A lightning flash again burst forth from the clouds, and the thunder deadened the sound of the howling storm. Then it rushed by, seemed as if the whole earth was torn from its foundations far, far away, on it came, like the crash of a thousand cannons; then nearer and nearer it roared, spreading wild and terrible overthrow and harrowing desolation around.

"Heavens! a hurricane!" Tom cried, starting up in terror, for at the same moment the storm reached them. The giant trunks, which had withstood centuries, bowed like thin t... one blow, that struck terror to the hearts of the ... whole forest was mowed level with the earth by ... whirlwind.

The hurricane raged further and further with f... for miles around it overthrew the tall oaks, and b... reeds to the ground—for miles around it marked ... desolation and destruction. But silence, grave-... lowed in its track, and rested over the widely ... Not a breath was stirring; and the calmness of ... horrifying outbreak of the elements affected the ... mortal with a more agonising shudder than t... the most terrible fury of the storm.

Bill had miraculously escaped without even ... The clinging ivy to an immense tree that ... had previously fallen, another oak that fell across it only serve... it guarded him from the other continually falli... and smaller trees. But now, as soon as the first m... danger passed, he jumped up and cried, filled w... brother—

"Tom!—brother Tom—do answer, Tom! ... heaven! has such a terrible end fallen to your share?"

No! It would have been well for him if that ... he still lived, and his weak voice, at no great ... hunter's attentive ear.

"All merciful heavens!" the latter cried, w... leapt over a couple of trees lying in his way, ... pine torch in hand stood before him he sobbed.

"All merciful heavens!" he repeated, in ... agony, and covered his face with his hands, ... pale as a corpse, with both his thighs buried ... oak, which was shattered from top to bottom, ... brother, the playmate of his youth, the dar... of his heart.

"It's very cold," the unhappy man whis... imploringly to the hunter, who, apparen... further movement, stood near him as if he ... very cold, Bill—can't you bring me a little f...?"

These words broke the charm which ... half-unconscious brother.

"Tom, Tom!" he cried, as he threw hi... on the mutilated body of his companion.

"You hurt me, Bill," the latter entreated; "my arm pains me, and it is so cold."

"Wait! you shall have a fire in a few seconds," Bill now cried, as he sprang hastily up. "Lie there a minute longer, and I'll fetch some ashes, and then help you up—only a moment's patience!" and in haste he flew back to the still burning camp fire.

Ah! he did not notice the features of the unhappy man as he begged him to have patience.

He hurriedly collected all the ashes and burning wood his arms could hold—and flames scorching his hunting-shirt and hands—he did not notice it, but flew back to his brother's side; plenty of drift wood lay around, and in a few moments a bright, cheering fire flared up by the side of the tree, under whose giant weight the poor fellow lay buried alive.

Bill now regarded with a shudder the terrible scene, and madly threw himself on the fire, which a hundred men could not have raised, and tried his utmost strength on an impossibility.

"Bill," Tom gently begged him, "come here, come—give me your hand—that's right. And now, Bill, do you really love me?"

A convulsive grasp of his brother's hand answered the question; speak he could not, for the tears he had suppressed with difficulty suffocated every sound.

"Will you do me a service?" Tom implored, drawing the unresisting man closer to him.

"A service!" Bill whispered—"a service! What can you ask that I would not do for you if it was in my power?"

"You promise to do it?"

"What is it?" the hunter asked in terror.

"Take your rifle," Tom begged, "and put an end to my sufferings."

"Tom!" the brother cried, as he sprang up in horror.

"Put an end to my sufferings," the unhappy man entreated. "Bill! brother! if you ever loved me, prove it now. Do not let me perish here, slowly and horribly."

"I will save you if it cost me my life," Bill cried; "I will return with assistance this very night."

"That is not possible," the poor fellow replied, sorrowfully shaking his head. "The next settlement is, by the nearest road, at least fifteen miles from here; but the road you would have to take to go round the rocks and ravines, is twenty; and if you brought fifty men with you what could they give me? Both my thighs are shattered, and the nearest doctor lives at Little Rock, hundreds of miles from here, and whither we scarce know the direction. Bill, will you let me lie here for days, and afterwards see me perish miserably?"

"Ask my own life, and you shall have it with pleasure; but don't require such a terrible thing from me. It must be possible to save you—I have my own tomahawk—I can cut out this tree through—I can ——"

"Can you cure wounds like these?" Tom interrupted him, and pointed with his hand to his thigh. It was a terrible sight, and his brother fell upon his knees with a groan.

"I cannot murder you," he gently said.

"And do you call that murder? Oh, Bill!" he continued, "could you only fancy the pain I am suffering, you would take compassion—would not let me beg in vain."

"I will save you a ride—don't make me my brother's murderer," Bill groaned.

"My right arm is also broken. I cannot, even if I would."

"Tom!" the powerful man sobbed, as he threw himself by his brother's side, "what is it you want of me?"

"What did you lately do to Neaker when the bear had torn him so terribly?"

"I shot him."

"He was your favorite dog."

Bill only answered with sobs.

"And you loved him more than me?" Tom now asked almost reproachfully.

"O! why did I not heed your warning when we last night reached this unhappy spot?—why did I not avoid the decayed trees that threatened us on all sides?—why ——"

"Bill!" the unhappy man interrupted him, "do you mean to free me from my tortures?"

"I will!" the poor fellow sobbed on his brother's neck.

They held one another in a cold embrace for a long while; but when Tom tried to unloose his hold, his brother only held him the tighter. Day at length broke in the east, and the sun shone on the chaos of wildly scattered trees around.

"Let us part," Tom whispered; "be a man."

He quickly pushed his brother back, and he at length stood up.

"Well, then, be it so! I see you are right. It is impossible to save you. I know, too, that I should have asked the same of you in a similar case, and you would not have refused me. Pray to God for the last time; and pray, too, for me, that He may forgive me the murder of my brother!"

Bill tottered away to fetch his rifle; but he returned in a few moments with a firm and certain step. With his gun in his hand, he swung himself with his right hand over the shattered trunks, and stood again by the side of his brother, who looked affectionately to his face.

"I am ready," said the latter, with a smile; "do not tremble; and good-bye!"

He offered him his hand as he turned his face away.

"Brother!" the tortured hunter cried, in agony, and threw himself again on his breast. Once again they held each other in a close embrace, till Tom entreated gently, "Do not delay any longer."

With a hasty bound the hunter stood on his feet, raised his rifle to his cheek, and lay the next moment unconscious by the side of the brother he had shot.

What more have I to tell? Shall I describe how he awoke, and piled branch upon branch upon his brother's corpse, so that the wolf and panther might not fasten their greedy teeth in the beloved remains—how he tottered away and wrestled with death for many months in the wild dreams of fever, carefully nursed by his friends? Not enough of this sorrowful tale. His brother's blood-covered face did not long trouble him in his nightly dreams, or cause him to spring, in terror from his bed and try to fly. On an expedition

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1865.

NOTICE.

To Subscribers and Advertisers.

As a standing and general answer to the many correspondents who write us for information on these subjects, we beg leave to submit the following rates:—

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy	10 cents	Subscription per annum	$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers	6¼ "	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	" for 3 months	1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

ADVERTISING.—Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week. Communications, to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible. As the business of the CLIPPER is conducted on the CASH principle, payment in advance for both subscription and advertising is insisted upon. All letters and communications for any and every department of this paper must, to insure attention, be addressed only to FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

11TH AND MAC'S, Philadelphia.—"I bet a friend of mine a hat that David Weaver would be elected City Commissioner, at the last election, over John Given. When the vote in the county was counted, Weaver had a considerable majority; since then fraudulent votes have been presented, acknowledged to be fraudulent by every paper of both parties. The matter is now before the courts; and I hold that their decision must be awaited before the bet can be decided. Please let me know if I am right."——You are right; as the matter is now before the courts, the wager must remain in abeyance until a decision is rendered by the judges. It is very probable that the alleged fraudulent votes, some of them in the names of deceased soldiers, will be thrown out, and Given be given out on a foul.

JACK RANDOM, Rochester.—The value of a new play is generally fixed according to the reputation of the author. An author unknown to fame could not command $150 for a play no matter how good it might "read," while such men as Boucicault and Tom Taylor would receive $1000 for the same piece. Authors generally leave their plays with the managers to read, and if they like it a price is at once agreed upon. Sometimes it is bought outright, then again a certain per centage is paid the author each night it is played. For a good three act successful play $500 would be considered a good price.

C. S., Rochester.—We have never deviated from our rule of reserving to ourselves the right to cut down the favors of correspondents whenever we deem it necessary so to do. Our "rules and regulations" are the same as ever. In the communication before us, you would make us institute comparisons not at all favorable to certain exhibitions, whose merits or demerits we should prefer to have brought to notice by disinterested parties.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—"Three or more persons are playing the game of old sledge. No. 1 deals and 2 has the beg, which he does, and No. 1 runs the cards, turning the second trump. The trump not suiting either of us, we agree to run for a new trump. The dealer, in running them, turns Jack. Now the question is, does that Jack really count, or has the game virtually ceased at the turning of the second trump?"——The Jack "really counts."

TWO SUBSCRIBERS, Trenton, N. J.—1. By "trump or follow suit" is meant that, if a certain suit, not trumps, is lead, and you have a card of that suit, you must play it or trump. If a card of that suit is lead, and you have none, you are not compelled to play a trump, but may play any card you please. 2. If trumps are lead, you must play a trump of course, if you have one; if you haven't one you can't, and may play any card you please.

J. T., New Orleans.—The best way for you to become an actor is to connect yourself with a first class theatre, and commence at the lowest round of the ladder and creep up, and not take such rapid jumps as have some of our so called "stars."

GREENWAY, Ripon, Wis.—All the characters should be white except that of the Virginia Mummy, when played by a theatrical company, but when produced by a minstrel band, of course all characters are black.

ANTI HERALD.—All the theatres were advertised in the *Herald* on Friday, Sept. 29th. Wallack's, the Hippotheatron, Bryanna', and 444 were in on Sept. 30th, and on the 3d of Oct. all were out except the Hippo, which was in for the last time on Oct. 14th.

A READER.—Fanny Brown is traveling with Wilson's Circus. She sailed from California with that party about two months ago. Edwin Forrest's first character in public on a regular stage was as Young Norval.

S. M., Middleport, Pa.—1. Thirty-two cards are used in the game. 2. When a player makes the trump he leads off; otherwise, the player at the left of the dealer leads. This will answer your other question also.

HARRY FOX, Louisville.—You had better make out an advertisement stating the position you would like to secure, and whatever else you may think necessary, and send it to us. It shall cost you nothing.

F. H. B., Louisville, Ky.—The point for Jack can be taken as often as it is turned up. If the first trump turned is a heart; and afterwards, in running them, the Jack of hearts is turned up, the point can be taken.

CHARLES, West Troy.—1. The President has the right to suspend the habeas corpus in case of necessity. 2. If it was not yet 12 o'clock, no matter whose whistle was blown, A won, providing he accomplished his task.

BRIGGS, Ottawa.—Such performers as you mention command a salary of from $40 to $50, while there are others in the same business who only get $8.

L. H. P., Chelsea, Mass.—We can send you the CLIPPER you require. See our negro minstrelsy summary for the movements of the party.

J. W. H.—The lady is married. Has just terminated an engagement at that theatre, and she will not play there again before late in the season.

J. W. G., Peoria.—Write to R. Williams & Son, 420 Broome street, in this city, and he can get up what you want in quick time.

THESPIAN, Tunkhannock.—1. Send a letter to this office for Harry Seymour and he will furnish you with what you require. 2. It is the Duke who shows the key to Juliana.

EDITOR OF SPORTING LIFE, England.—The only copy of the CLIPPER containing the report of the Heenan and Morrissey fight that we have to spare has been mailed to you.

MEMPHIAN.—One hundred yards in 9¼ seconds by Geo. Seward, is the fastest authenticated time for that distance, although a man named Wantling is said to have done it quicker.

C. B., Providence, R. I.—"At cribbage, A plays a tray, B a five, A a seven, B a four, A a tray, and B a six, for which B claims a sequence of five. Is he right?"——Yes.

WHEELING.—1. A "Full" is better than a "Flush." 2. The best hand in bluff is four aces, and four kings and an ace. Either of these will rake down the persimmons every time.

OLD TIME SUBSCRIBER, Lowell, Mass.—Wm. H. Harrison was inaugurated President of the United States in 1841, and General Taylor was inaugurated in 1849.

FRANK J., Philadelphia.—There is no rule. It depends altogether on circumstances, which your own common sense and the dog's appetite must govern.

R. M. McC., Alexandria, Va.—Booth died on board the steamer J. W. Chenoworth, in Nov. 1852, while going from New Orleans to Cincinnati.

READER, Albany, N. Y.—The amount of stakes for which John C. Heenan and John Morrissey fought was $2500 a side.

R. A. AND J. F., Anderson, Ind.—We have referred to that issue of the CLIPPER to which you refer, but find no such record.

THE FRANK B. CONVERSE CLUB.—Call for a letter at the CLIPPER office.

H. A. B., Point Edward.—It is not Shakespeare's, although it is in the acting edition. Colley Cibber is the author.

A. C. E.—He came to this city for the purpose of purchasing machinery, properties, etc.

G. F.—Robinson's Circus has closed up for the season, and is in Cincinnati.

DISABLED SOLDIER, Philadelphia.—T. H. Corbett, No. 171 William street, this city, does that business.

TYRO.—You will find the quotation in "The Honey Moon," act 2d, scene 1st. It is Duke Aranza's speech to Juliana.

FENIAN, Quebec.—Broadway commences at the Battery, which is the jumping off place at the southern end of New York.

ROVER, Baltimore.—Game is counted last, and your opponent wins the wager.

EATON & CO., Detroit.—Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion, with 20 per cent off if paid for three months in advance.

COTTAGE.—Roger A. Pryor was captured in front of Petersburg, Va., Nov. 30, 1864.

ENOCH CLIFFORD.—Should like to accommodate you, but could not publish such ancient news at any price.

SKILLET, Cleveland, O.—The Jack counts as often as turned up, providing there is no misdeal.

TELEGRAPH HOUSE, Providence, R. I.—Tom Hyer was not whipped by any such man.

BUX FUX, Atlanta.—Mr. Barry Sullivan is in Melbourne, Australia.

WM. YOST, Mahony City.—You will get correct information by addressing the President or Secretary of the company.

MRS. E. H. C., Jasper, N. Y.—We advertise letters a second time only when requested to do so by the writer.

MOSE, Troy.—It is almost an impossibility to tell you in this department all the duties required of a traveling agent.

A. H. L., Memphis, Tenn.—George Seward's one hundred yards in 9¼ seconds is the quickest time for that distance.

P. MOORE, Worcester.—See sketch of Tom Sayers in this week's issue.

EX-TYPO, Brockport, N. Y.—Address Pike & Co., opticians, No. 518 Broadway, New York city.

GEO. H. L., Troy.—It is a business secret not proper for us to reveal.

P. D. F., Sing Sing.—The decision in question was correct. The result was one of those occurrences incident to the game.

UPPERSON, La Port, Ind.—Yes; provided the ball has not touched the ground.

MINOR, Boston.—We cannot give the precise time.

H. S. P., Quincy, Ill.—Items always acceptable.

P. R. J., Chicago.—John C. Heenan is a native of New York State.

W. P.—See sketch of Tom Sayers in another column.

CONSTANT READER.—Tony is a New York boy.

SEWELL.—See answer 10

READER.—We refer you to some schoolmaster.

HUYETT & CO.—The cat complete six lines, so how could we make the advertisement occupy but four? Remit $2.50 more if you wish it to for three months.

FERRELL.—We never heard of Barney playing clown with a circus company.

W. P., Chicago.—The notice will cost you $6.30.

SPOILING SPORT.

In "other days gone by," the question was generally asked, when a row was in progress, or a burglary committed, or a gang muss among firemen under discussion, or a political squabble being fought out—"where's the police?" In these fastidious times, there was certainly some good ground for this pertinent query, for the gentlemen of the starry brigade were not so efficient as their illustrious successors have proved themselves to be. Many a right lively bout at fisticuffs used to be got off without interference from the police; many a political fight occurred in which the guardians of the public took a hand; many a store was robbed, by and with the advice and consent of the M. P.'s; innumerable riots among the fire laddies afforded amusement for the handlers of the locust, who surveyed the strife with mingled emotions of fear and pride, according as their respective friends in the hostile engagement became worsted or triumphant. "Ah! them was the good old times," a rounder remarked to us the other day, after a fruitless search for the Davis and Elliott fight; "there wasn't none of yer d—d spoil sports then; a feller could go and see a nice little fight and nothin' thought of it. 'Taint so now, though;" and the old rounder vented himself in language indelicate to ears polite, and not at all complimentary to the Metropolitans.

It is not an easy matter to elude the vigilance of the police now-a-days—they are here, there, and everywhere. The other day the lambs had laid out the programme for a day's sport in the fistic arena; they had even acknowledged the efficiency of our public guardians by selecting a spot two hundred miles away whereon to pitch the magic ring, wherein to have the fray; but the telegraph is a faster traveler than Flora Temple or steam, and when the lambs had got fairly on their way to the scene of action, and were dwelling with feelings of rapture on the enjoyment in store for them, a cloud arose before them, and lo! the Philistines were upon them. Like the gentleman who found enjoyment in perambulating through a country church-yard, "homeward the weary travelers did plod their way," muttering cruel things against the Philistines and others of a similar temperament. "The weary sun had made a golden set," yet still they traveled on, and M. P.'s followed after; the fight was nipped ere yet the gladiators stripped them to the buff, and many sorrowing men there were who cursed both loud and deep. It was a pity to spoil so good a thing, to rob the lambs of their promised feast, but orders from head quarters must be obeyed, though gladiators fall. We foretold how the affair would end if an attempt should be made to have the fight decided in this State, but those who were directly interested thought otherwise, and the result was as we anticipated. We are sorry that it should have turned out so, for the readers of the daily papers were sadly disappointed in so far as they had been promised the fullest details as an accompaniment to their morning repast; the reporters were all on hand to note down the slightest touch, or the cleanest cross-buttock, while editorials condemning the "brutal practices of the prize ring" were already in type. Better luck next time, perhaps.

IMPORTANT MATCH ON THE TAPIS.

A very important and extraordinary fighting match is talked of in political sporting circles, the principals in which are mentioned as being John O'Mahoney and Henry J. Raymond. It appears that O'Mahoney is a sort of centre around which revolve innumerable circles known as Fenians, whose object in banding themselves together is the liberation of Ireland from British rule, and the annexation of the same to Canada, or, probably, to this country. Raymond, who is the Centaur of the *Times*, and who is not favorably disposed to the Centre of the Fenians, recently came out with a slashing article against the Fenians, intimating that the whole thing was a sham and a swindle, intended to rob the poorer classes of our adopted fellow-citizens of Irish descent for the benefit of the leaders in the movement. O'Mahoney, who is "on it," was highly incensed on reading the insinuating and suggestive article in the *Times*, and demanded its retraction, Raymond, who is also "on it"—having figured in the battle of Solferino when "the sympathies of youth" ran a foot race with "the elbows of the Mincio"—declined to retract unless the belligerent O'Mahoney would show wherein he, the youthful sympathiser, was in error; the Head Centre scratched the centre of his head, refused to furnish the information asked for, and stood firm in his demand for the "retract," while the "youth" persisted in his refusal, saying that the *Times* should flee from its firm base as soon as he. Then the O'Mahoney waxed wroth, and called the hero of Solferino a bad egg, and such like, and sent his friend Killian to make a match with the man of the *Times*. How the affair will end we cannot venture to predict; for ourselves, we abominate duels—a good fist fight is preferable, and this mode of settling their dispute we recommend to our mutual friends. The thing might be pulled off in Canada without interruption from the beaks, that territory being neutral ground, and averse to interfering in the quarrels of outsiders, or interrupting the belligerent rights of friendly nations. In case a pugilistic set-to should be determined on, Horace Greeley will probably act as one of the seconds for the young man from the Mincio, while Geo. Francis Train may be selected to talk up the merits of the O'Mahoney. Jas. Gordon Bennett might be induced to accept the position of referee, his character for impartiality and disinterestedness being so well known. The gentleman who held the stakes for the great Slievenamon match of '48, we think could be persuaded to accept the like office in the present match, but of this we are not certain. However, we do think there will not be the least difficulty in procuring a stakeholder. The match, if it is to take place in the magic circle, should be arranged at once, and articles signed without delay. We shall watch the proceedings with deep interest.

DEATH OF TOM SAYERS.

The decease of the well-known pugilist, Tom Sayers, is announced in our summary of foreign intelligence brought by the steamer China, from England. This event was not unexpected, as the ex-champion had been ill for some time, and within the past few weeks the physician had given up all hopes of his recovery. In an article in another column a biographical sketch of the deceased pugilist is given, so that it is not worth while to enlarge upon the subject in this notice. For a man of his weight he was one of the most extraordinary pugilists in the annals of the ring, and it will be long before another like him will appear. Perhaps the most important event of his boxing career was his meeting with the gigantic John C. Heenan, against whom he made a most determined stand, although his opponent exceeded him in height, weight, reach, and strength, and having youth on his side as well. Notwithstanding these great odds against him, the brave Sayers never flinched, but met his huge antagonist round after round, sometimes actually turning the tide in his own favor when his partizans had given up all hopes of winning by fair play. Sent down time and again by the strong arm of the American, he nevertheless rallied as often, and was up and at it again when his friends thought he was done for. Although virtually defeated in that memorable contest, yet the many who had invested their money on Sayers' winning took the matter into their own hands while Sayers lay panting on the ground, and by a break in of the ring, and a wrangle afterwards, succeeded in wringing from the referee a decision that the match was a draw, thereby saving the immense sums which the adherents of Sayers had wagered on his success. Tom was never good for much after that—he was so hounded, and money poured in upon him in such profusion, that he became dissipated, and launched out into all sorts of excesses, undermining his health thereby, and laying the foundation of the disease which resulted in his death.

"Poor Tom's a' cold."

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES AT ST. JOHN, N. B.—The members of the St. John Gymnasium gave their opening exhibition for the season on the 15th and 17th ult. The entertainment commenced with a very creditable display by the Calisthenic Class, numbering some 25 or 30 boys; after which came the exercises on the single and double trapeze, vaulting horse, rack bars, rings, magic ladders, horizontal bar, &c., in some of which the young men exhibited considerable proficiency. Mr. Johnstone put up a 105lb dumb bell in good style. Professor Jones attempted Zampillaserostation, "but," says a correspondent, "proved a lamentable failure, and he should in future abstain from trying to foist such an abortion on the public of St. John." The gymnasium, which is rapidly growing into favor, was crowded with the *elite* of the city, who evinced the utmost satisfaction with the performances.

NEW SKITTLE GROUND.—Those of our readers fond of the good old fashioned game of skittles, will be glad to learn that a new and elegant skittle ground has been added to the premises of the Brewery Shades, No. 157 41st street, between 8th and 9th avenues, excelled by none in this or any other country for comfort and convenience. "Tom King" is mine host, and on Wednesday evening, Nov. 29th, he will have his opening night.

KEHOE'S CLUBS.—To those who wish to develop, strengthen and beautify the "human form divine," and at the same time add a few years to their thread of life, we would say, "Use Kehoe's clubs." Persons whose occupation is of a sedentary character will find them invaluable.

BALL PLAY.

ACTIVE vs. ALERT.

The Active club, ever on the alert to win a trophy, visited Seaman Hall, Orange, N. J., on Nov. 16th, and after dinner entered upon a base ball match with the Active youths of the Collegiate Institute, and after a pleasant encounter came off victorious. A festive time closed the visit, the Actives returning home "all right you know," and wound up the ball they brought with them. We append the score:

BATTING.

ACTIVE.	H.L.	R.	ALERT.	H.L.	R.
Redman, 2d b	3	3	Reilly, s s	0	1
Rooney, c	5	1	Fehiger, r f	2	1
Tilton, r f	2	4	Ryan, p	2	3
Rivetting, l f	3	4	McCarrin, 2d b	3	2
George, 3d b	2	3	Mulcahy, 2d b	4	1
Rogers, 1st b	4	1	Mayer, 1st b	2	1
Hillyer, s s	3	1	Tiers, l f	4	1
Christie, f f	3	2	Liebenreth, c	4	0
Walker, p	2	3	Turner, c f	3	1
Total	22		Total	19	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Active	2	2	2	4	1	6	2	2	1—22	
Alert	2	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	4—10	

Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes. Umpire—George Wright, of Olympic Club, Philadelphia. Scorers—C. T. Williamson and H. Repplier. Fly catches—Active 10, Alert 5.

BASE BALL AT LAPORTE, IND.

The Laporte and Elkhart clubs, of the Hoosier State, played a very interesting match recently on the grounds of the former organization. The day being lowering, with a cutting breeze from lakeward, the number of visitors was limited. During the eighth innings the umpire ended the game on account of darkness. This occasioned a controversy as to which party was entitled to claim the victory, which the umpire offered to decide by section 33 of the rules governing the game, but the Elkharts refused to submit, and so the matter rests. Annexed is the score up to the conclusion of the seventh innings:—

BATTING.

ELKHART.	H.L.	R.	LAPORTE.	H.L.	R.
Gray, (Capt.) c	0	4	Teed, (Capt.) p	2	3
Hughes, 2d b	4	1	Ridgway, r f	2	3
Harris, l f	2	2	Shattuck, s s	2	3
Lawrence, p	2	2	J. A. Heller, 1 f	3	2
Frush, 3d b	4	1	L. Meeker, 1st b	2	4
Powell, 1st b	3	2	Wells, 3d b	2	3
Wheatberby, c f	2	2	H. H. Meeker, 2d b	3	3
McDonald, s s	2	2	Van Pelt, c f	3	1
Morehouse, r f	2	2	J. E. Heller, c	2	2
Total	18		Total	24	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Elkhart	1	6	3	3	1	0	4	—18
Laporte	6	0	1	6	1	10	1	—24

Passed balls—Gray, 2; Powell, 14—16; Heller, 9. Home runs—H. H. Meeker, 1. Clear score, Gray. Struck out—Hughes, 1; Morehouse, 2—3; Van Pelt, 2. Fly catches—Gray, 1; Powell, 4; Lawrence, 2; McDonald, 1—8; Teed, 2; Ridgway, 1 shattuck, 1; J. A. Heller, 2; L. Meeker, 2; J. E. Heller, 3—11. Catches missed—Hughes, 1; Harris, 1—2; Ridgway, 1; J. A. Heller, 2; Wells, 1—4. Foul bound catches—Powell, 1; J. E. Heller, 2. Put out on bases—Elkhart, 5 times; Laporte, 6 times. Put out on foul balls—Elkhart, 5: Laporte, 5. Run out—McDonald by J. E. Heller; J. A. Heller by McDonald; H. H. Meeker by Powell. Left on bases—Gray, 1; Harris, 1; Lawrence, 1—3; Teed, 1; Ridgway, 2; Shattuck, 1; J. A. Heller, 1; Wells, 1; Van Pelt, 2; J. E. Heller, 1—9. Umpire—Mr. Loomis, of Detroit. Scorers—Messrs. Sink and Erb.

ANOTHER GAME BETWEEN THE ATHLETICS AND OLYMPICS.

These two Philadelphia clubs played another game on Nov. 25th, on the ground of the Athletic; which the latter club won as easy as falling off a log. There was quite a good attendance of spectators for this late in the season. McBride, of the Athletic, pitched but two innings, when he was taken off to make the contest more equal in its character, Wilkins, short-stop, taking his place. The batting of the Athletics was absolutely splendid, nearly all the hits being long and safe; indeed, in the opinion of ball players, such batting has not been seen this season. McBride and Wilkins led the batting score for the Athletics, each obtaining thirteen runs and no outs. Kleinfelder, Berkenstock, Reach and Dockney played up to the highest mark of base ball—but, indeed, all did well, proving themselves adepts at the game. On the part of the Olympics, Morris and Richards led the batting score, but Anspach, at first base, Wright, as catcher, Crossdale at second base, and Kuen as pitcher, played in a style eminently creditable to the club. From first to last, the game was exciting and satisfactory. Both nines deported themselves like accomplished gentlemen, the best of feeling and the heartiest good humor characterizing them. This game will yield to the Soldiers' Hospital, in Christian Street, a sum amounting to nearly one hundred and fifty dollars. All honor to the Athletics for the noble offering. After the game the Athletics entertained the Olympics in handsome style with money drawn from their treasury. The score:

BATTING.

ATHLETICS.	H.L.	R.	OLYMPICS.	H.L.	R.
Kleinfelder, c	4	10	Kuen, p	4	1
McBride, s. s	0	13	Wright, c	4	3
Reach, 2d b	4	9	Anspach, 1st b	1	3
Wilkins, p	0	13	Lipp, r. f	4	2
Berkenstock, 1st b	2	10	Morris, 2d b	1	5
Luengene, 3d b	2	9	Richards, c. f	1	4
Gaskill, r. f	4	9	Dodson, l. f	3	2
Smith, l. f	4	9	Johnson, 3rd b	2	3
Dockney, c. f	1	11	Crossdale, s. s	1	3
Total	93		Total	26	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	Total.
Athletic	12	26	13	22	9	10	1	93
Olympic	0	1	1	5	9	4	6	26

Umpire—F. Malone, Keystone B. B. Club. Home Runs—Reach 2; Wilkins, 2; Dockney, 2. Time of game—Two-and-a-half hours.

BASE BALL AT CUMBERLAND, MD.

The Alert and Dexter clubs of Cumberland, Md., had a meeting on the 17th inst., which resulted in the success of the Alerts by a score of 40 to 20. Below we give the score.

BATTING.

ALERT.	H.L.	R.	DEXTER.	H.L.	R.
Fundenberg, c	2	6	Beall, c	4	1
Smith, P. J., p	3	5	Meeker, p	4	2
Shriver, H., s. s	4	3	Swartzwelder, C, s. s	3	2
Brady, 1st. b	3	5	McHenry, l. b	3	2
Harrison, C. J., 2d b	5	3	McKee, 2d b	2	4
Knorr, G. T. R., 3d b	3	5	Harrison, G. W., r. f	3	3
Shriver, R., l. f	1	5	Shaw, 3d b	3	2
Lynn, c. f	4	3	Swartzwelder, H., c. f	2	3
Harrison, J. F., r. f	2	5	Dowden, l. f	3	1
Total	40		Total	20	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	Total.
Alert	5	0	0	3	4	4	15	2	7	40
Dexter	0	3	3	8	0	0	2	3	1	20

Umpire—Mr. Selden, of the National B. B. Club, Washington. Scorers.—Messrs. A. Shriver and J. Orrick. Passed Balls—Alert 0; Dexter, 3. Fly Catches—Alert, 4; Dexter, 9. Missed Fly Catches—Alert, 2; Dexter, 3. Struck Out—Alert, 2. Run Out—Dexter, 3. Out on Bases—Alert, 3; Dexter, 5. Time of Game—one hour and 58 minutes.

BALL PLAY AT ANDOVER, MASS.

The "stujents" of the academy at Andover, Mass., with a view to physical as well as mental culture, have organized themselves into several base ball clubs, which are now in a flourishing condition. After being released from the duties of the classroom, they naturally enter into the game with more than ordinary zest, and we are pleased to learn that they are making good progress in the science which attaches to our national pastime. A game was played on the 18th inst., on the Academy Ball Ground, between the B. B. Club of '66 and the Olympic Club. The weather was pleasant and the contest attracted a large number of spectators, a goodly share thereof being divinities in crinoline. We append the score:

BATTING.

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.	B. B. CLUB OF '66.	H.L.	R.
Fish, 1st b	1	3	McClintock, p	3	5
Poincer, c	3	1	Strong, c	2	6
Hartwell, r. f	4	1	J. S. Eaton, 1st b	4	4
Tuttle, c. f	5	0	G. L. Huntress, 2d b	3	5
Noyes, 2d b	2	1	Dodge, 3d b	4	4
Seymour, s. s	4	1	Barclay, s. s	2	6
Reed, 3d b	3	1	Bentley, l. f	2	6
Miles, l. f	3	2	L. Huntress, c. f	3	3
Wells, p	4	0	Hooper, r. f	3	4
Total	10		Total	43	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.	
B. B. Club of '66	8	0	8	3	6	7	3	4	4—	43
Olympic	0	0	2	0	1	5	1	1	0—	10

Fly balls caught—McClintock, 4; Strong, 1; Eaton, 1; G. L. Huntress, 1; Barclay, 1; Fish, 1; Poincer, 1; Seymour, 1.

Fly balls missed—Hartwell, 3; Miles, 2; Fish, 1; L. Huntress, 1; Noyes, 1; Wells, 1; Eaton, 1; Dodge, 1.

Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes.

Umpire—Mr. Flagg.

Scorers—Messrs. Carey and Folsom.

"SENIOR NINE" vs. ENTERPRISE.

A match game of base ball was played Nov. 17, between the Enterprise, of Allegheny City, Pa., and the Senior Base Ball Club, of Washington and Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pa., on the grounds of the latter, resulting in a victory for the Enterprise. The score:

BATTING.

SENIOR.	H.L.	R.	ENTERPRISE.	H.L.	R.
Alexandr, c	2	2	Logan, 3d b	4	5
Donnan, p	5	0	Irwin, c	1	8
Slaymaker, 1st b	3	1	Whiteside, 1st b	2	7
Donaldson, c f	3	1	Bryan, l f	5	3
Dickson, s s	3	2	Graham, p	3	4
Miller, 2d b	3	1	Schwaris, c f	5	4
Davis, l f	2	2	Enwer, 2d b	1	6
Paxton, 3d b	5	0	Jennings, r f	1	4
Marker, r f	1	3	Simpson, s s	5	3
Total	13		Total	44	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Enterprise	3	3	0	4	3	2	10	3	18—	44
Senior	1	4	2	0	0	1	2	2	0—	12

Umpire—Mr. H. Campbell. Scorers—Messrs. Marchand and Woodbura. Time of game—Three hours. Fly catches—Donaldson, 3; Donnan, 2; Dickson, 2; Jennings, 1. Foul bound catches—Irwin, 3; Alexander, 10. Out on bases—Senior, 17 times; Enterprise, 10 times. Left on bases—Alexandr, 1; Slaymaker, 1; Miller, 1; Davis, 1; Jennings, 1; Graham, 1; Bryan, 1.

ALDERMEN AND SUPERVISORS OF BROOKLYN PLAYING BALL.—The great base ball match between the Aldermen and Supervisors, on the Capitoline grounds, named to take place on Wednesday last, has been postponed until Wednesday, 29th November, at half-past twelve o'clock, precisely. The Aldermen nine are as follows: McLaughlin, Bangs, O'Brien, Biles, Wallbaum, Fisher, Turton, Bellknapp and Whalney. Supervisor's nine: Emery, Little, Hicks, Scudy, Stallwell, Clark, Talbot, Shanrok and Chesshire.

HUDSON RIVER vs. KNICKERBOCKER.

These Newburg and Albany clubs, on Nov. 16th, played their return match at Newburg, and after a good game the victory remained with the Newburg boys, as will be seen by the appended score:

BATTING.

HUDSON RIVER.	H.L.	R.	KNICKERBOCKER.	H.L.	R.
Mapes, 1 f	3	3	Corey, c f	3	3
Lindley, 2d b	3	4	Bush, c	5	1
Silliepaugh, c	2	3	Macdonald, 3d b	2	3
Leonard, 1st b	3	2	Winne, 2d b	3	1
Kelly, p	5	0	Bliss, 1st b	5	2
Fisher, 3d b	4	2	Powers, s s	4	2
Hickery, s s	2	4	Parks, r f	0	3
Boyd, c	2	4	Lathrop, l f	1	2
Miller, r f	3	2	Ford, p	4	1
Total	24		Total	18	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Hudson River	2	1	2	1	3	2	4	7	2—	24
Knickerbocker	3	4	0	1	7	0	0	2	1—	18

Umpire—William H. Kelly, of the Alert Club. Scorers—Messrs. Parmalee and Lamont. Fly balls—Hudson River 9, Knickerbocker 7. Time of game—Two hours and twenty minutes.

BALL PLAY AT NORFOLK, VA.—A very exciting contest took place on the 24th ult., between the Juniper Club, of Norfolk, Va., and the Union Club, of the 39th Illinois Regiment, at present stationed in that city. Nine innings were played, occupying about two hours, and resulting in the victory of the Union boys by a score of 44 to 30. The game was witnessed by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, and the scene was agreeably enlivened by the stirring music discoursed by the band of the 39th Regiment. Pendleton Moore, of the Creighton Club, officiated as umpire.

BASE BALL AT ALBANY, N. Y.—A stubbornly contested match came off on the 16th ult., on the grounds of the Skating Park Association at Albany, the parties thereto being the National Senior and Live Oak Junior Clubs, both of that city. The game was well played throughout, the Live Oaks proving the victors by 2 runs, the score at the end standing 15 to 13. Time of game 1hr. and 50m.

BASE BALL IN BALTIMORE.—Considerable activity has been manifested by the devotees of the national game in the Monumental City during the season just closed. A number of clubs which during the rebellion were compelled to disband, have been reorganized, and many new ones formed. Among those which have taken a new lease of life is the Ivanhoe, reorganized July 11, 1865, and at present mustering some fifty members. They played eight match games during the season, in seven of which they were successful, their average being 31 runs to a match and 5 runs to an inning. Following are the names of the officers:—President, Bruce Price; Secretary, Chas. A. Merrill; Treasurer, Douglas H. Thomas; Board of Directors—Bruce Price, Hugh McE. Gatchell, and Chas. A. Merrill. We have received the score of a match recently played between this club and the Calverts, but as no date is given we can not insert it.

CRICKET.

HYGEA vs. MONUMENTAL.

These Baltimore Cricket Clubs played their return match on the 23rd ult., which resulted in favor of the former in one innings, as will be seen by the score appended:

MONUMENTAL.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
J. Waidner st Smith b Cook	1	b Doran	7
J. Hewitt c g Dillehunt b Cook	0	b Cook	0
W. Stone b Cook	0	run out	1
C. Hewitt b Doran	5	b Cook	0
Brown c Fell b Doran	1	b Cook	3
S. Shanburg st Smith b Cook	4	c J. Dillehunt b Cook	6
C. Smith b Cook	2	c and b Cook	5
Quartley c Doran b Cook	4	st Smith b Doran	4
Hopkins b Doran	1	run out	0
Pearson c J. Dillehunt b Cook	0	not out	3
Kimberly not out	2	c Doran b Cook	1
Leg byes 2, wides 3	5	Byes 4, leg byes 2, wides 4	10
Total	25	Total	40

HYGEA.

First Innings.			
T. W. Morsel l b w b C. Hewitt	30	J. Walker run out	1
J. Dillehunt b J. Hewitt	24	S. Bradford b J. Hewitt	0
S. Dillehunt b C. Hewitt	0	W. Chenowith b C. Hewitt	0
P. Doran b J. Hewitt	30	J. Wiley b C. Hewitt	8
J. C. Smith b C. Hewitt	0	Fell not out	2
D. Cook b J. Hewitt	3	Byes 17, wides 3, l b 5, n b 4	29
		Total	127

THE RING.

"Ed Wilson," **"Ed Wilson,"**
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene sts., [16-1f] NEW YORK.

Skittles, Skittles, Skittles.
OLD TIMES REVIVED AT THE BREWERY SHADES.
157 West Forty-first street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues.
The admirers of this ancient and athletic game are informed that there will be a grand opening of KING'S NEW and SPLENDID GROUND, at the above place, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, November 29th.
N. B.—English Bagatelle Tables and all the adjuncts of an old country Ale House. 34-1t*

A FIZZLE BUT NO FIGHT.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

A COURAGEOUS BATTLE.

A. CHAMBERS AND E. EVANS THE CONTESTANTS.

The original fixture for this encounter between Arthur Chambers, of Salford, and Edward Evans, of Ardwick, at 8st 6lb, Evans staking £30 to £20, was for Tuesday, November 7th. The ceremony of weighing was gone through at Evans's own drum, the Saw Mill Tavern, Ardwick, on Monday night, November 6th, at 8 o'clock, when both men were found to be well within the stipulated weight. The toss for choice of place of fighting was won by Evans, and the next morning brought together a pretty good muster of the fancy at the Victoria Railway Station, and tickets taken for Liverpool, but, singular to relate, two trains started from the same station at the same time but by different routes. In the confusion Evans and his party proceeded by one train, and Chambers by the other. On the mistake being found out, all parties returned home, and a consultation was held at Bill Brown's, Salford, the result of which was that both men agreed to leave the whole affair in the hands of Mr. G. Haslam. By his orders all parties met at the London-road Station on Wednesday morning, and proceeded by the 6 6-o'clock train to Hazle Head, where the wooden walls were quickly raised by the "Jocks," the district commissary and his satellites, on a nice piece of nature's carpet. Arthur Chambers is a stiffly built young fellow, 19 years of age, and stands 5ft 4¼in high. His first and only appearance in the magic arena was on the 1st of October, 1864, when he vanquished Arthur Webber, at Mode Wheel, for £4 a side, after boxing twenty rounds occupying thirty-five minutes. His friends being disposed to try him with higher game, made the present match, and to show that they left no stone unturned, engaged the celebrated Harry Allen, of Birmingham, who repaired with his charge to Mr. Bowden's, Farmers' Arms, Cheadle Heath, a most salubrious spot, where Arthur did an immense amount of work, and the condition in which he was brought to the scratch reflects the highest credit on his trainer. He was backed from the Malt Shovel, Bury Street, Salford, and sported for his flag of defiance a beautiful bandanna of white ground, with flowered border and spots. Ned Evans is by trade a joiner, and hails from Ardwick, near Manchester. In altitude he is 5ft 4¼in, and first saw the light on the 2nd of February, 1843. Ned commenced his fighting career on the 10th of October, 1863, when he met and defeated Jack Taylor, for £10 a side, after fighting forty-two minutes, thirty-eight rounds. His next venture was with Young Bill Ingram, of London, at whose hands he suffered defeat, after a game battle of thirty-seven rounds, forty minutes, at Fidler's Ferry, Cheshire, October 26th 1864, for £25 a side. He displayed a neat silk wipe of white brocaded ground and puce border, and took his "walks abroad" from his own hostelrie, the Saw Mill Tavern, under the fostering care of his old opponent, Young Ingram, who spared no pains to make his man as fit as a fiddle.

Chambers was the first to shy his castor within the cords, quickly followed by Evans, the Salfordite being esquired by Harry Allen and Harry Heywood; whilst Young Ingram and a friend waited upon the Ardwick representative, 2 to 1 being freely offered on the latter, but only taken to a limited amount. Mr. Samuel Brown, of Manchester, officiated as referee. Evans won the toss for corners, and chose that with the wind to his back. After exchanging the usual friendly (?) grip, at five minutes to nine exactly the combatants were conducted to the scratch for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On peeling, the disparity between the men was very apparent. Chambers is a sturdy, well-developed lad, and looked as hard as nails, whilst Evans, although well up, was of a more delicate framework. After the usual amount of feinting, dodging, and breaking ground, the pair countered simultaneously, Evans on the left eye, receiving in the mouth, which brought them to a close, both coming to grass. Evans under.

2. On scratching, Chambers displayed the ruby from his mouth, which decided first blood for the favorite. On getting to close quarters, the Malt Shovel Pet dashed out his right, which alighted heavily on Evan's neck, knocking him completely off his pins. First knock down blow claimed and allowed for Chambers.

3. Both quick to call of time, Evans taking the initiative by visiting his opponent's nasal organ with stinging severity, which made Chambers stand back. Evans, however, followed up the advantage, and rushed at his man, but he got down to avoid unpleasant consequences. An appeal was made against Chambers for going down without a blow, and he was cautioned by the referee.

4. The visitation on the conk in the previous round caused the Salford representative to be cautious, but Evans, making his mind up for business, landed on the right eye, receiving on the body. This brought them to a rally, Evans finally knocking his man clean down.

5. Evans bleeding from the mouth. Chambers also shewed likewise and his left listener swelled from having come in contact with a stake. This was a rattling round, both going at it ding dong, both being down at the finish, Chambers under.

6. Chambers came up all abroad, when Evans dashed at the body, which brought on a close, Chambers coming to grass.

7 and 8. Both cautious, Chambers on the right ear, both down, Evans uppermost. Both sparring for wind. Chambers on the right eye, Evans on the body. This brought on a close, both slipping down from the state of the ground.

9. On getting within range Evans let fly his right painter bang on the ivories and cleverly avoided the return; a break away, but on coming together again they rushed to in-fighting and the brace kissed Mother Earth.

10. Both countered on the body. Chambers made repeated attempts to invest, but was neatly stopped. Some sharp fighting in Evans's corner, Chambers being under.

11. The fast fighting now told its tale, as both were slow. Tedious sparring, Evans visiting the ribs, Chambers being out of range with an upper cut which would have told a tale had it landed. They now struggled for the fall, Evans throwing his antagonist cleverly.

12. Chambers led off at the body, but not heavily; Evans on the canister, Chambers retaliated with one on the ribs; some sharp fighting, Chambers being fought down.

13. Evans on the body with the left and jumping away to avoid the return. Both then countered simultaneously, Chambers on the cranium, received on the body, in the struggle both down, Evans under. Up to this time the fight was decidedly in favor of Evans, who was scatheless, whilst Chambers showed some ugly bumps about the frontispiece.

14. Rain now began to descend; Chambers on the physog with the right, Evans popping one in on the body. The Salford representative's right duke swelled instantly. Both down at the close.

15. The biting wind and sharp rain had evidently began to take effect on Evans, who scratched with difficulty, trembling most perceptibly. Chambers acting under orders forced the fighting, and rushed at his man like a mad bull, but copped one on the beak for his temerity, Evans falling from the force of his own blow and weakness combined.

16 to 44 and last. To detail these bouts would be a waste of space. Evans had the shivers, and round after round did he make the most gallant efforts to shake them off, but it was of no avail, whilst Chambers, who was possessed of an exceedingly hardy constitution, kept as strong as a lion. At length, on time being called for the 45th round, Evans' seconds humanely gave in for him, and Chambers was declared the winner, after fighting 1 hour and 30 min.

REMARKS.

Few observations are needed; the winner has much to learn before he can shine in the P. R., but considering he was almost a novice at the game, he acquitted himself creditably. Evans was decidedly the superior as a scientific practitioner, and if the cold had not attacked him the result might have been different. Although defeated he is not disgraced, as he bore up as long as nature would allow. Evans was rather severely spised, and Chambers was cautioned by the referee during the fight.

JONES VS. JONES.—On Tuesday, Nov. 7th, John Jones, of Wassall, and Geo. Jones, of Willenhall, met to fight at catch weight for £5 a side. Both are comparative novices. G. Jones is quite unknown in the records of the Prize Ring, whilst his opponent has distinguished himself in several rough and ready turns up with the Black Knights. J. Jones is in his twenty-eighth year, stands 5ft 1½in, and weighs 8st 6lb. G. Jones is three years his senior, stands 5ft 7¾in, and from personal appearance would not weigh less than 9st 8lb. G. Jones won the toss for the battle ground, and fixed on that well-beaten track, the Clock, at Birknall, when an adjournment was made to an appropriate ground near Sutton Coldfield, where, at 11:35, A. M., a capital ring being formed by the Walsall commissary, they stood up for business.

Round 1. No sooner had they faced each other than they laid an even bet on the result of the contest, although it looked any odds on G. Jones, whose thews and sinews were developed with a prominence which marks the trained boxer. Against the advantages of height, length of reach, and weight, the little one possessed a greater knowledge of the art, and being eager for the fray, at once essayed with his left, but George got out of danger. They again got together, and went to work with a will, evidently showing that fighting, not sparring, was the order of the day. After some terrific exchanges the big one fought his man down.

2 and 3. Similar in effect, the little one being fought down at the finish of each.

4. Many exchanges in all parts of the ring, the little one fighting for the ribs, whilst George addressed his most assiduous attention to the facial regions, and in a fine shot got on the little one's mouth. The crimson fluid was at once visible, and the round was finished by both biting the earth, side by side.

5 and 6. Nothing worthy of notice in these; J. down in each.

7. No nooner did they face each other than the little one encountered his antagonist on the temple beautifully, and George went down like a shot. This appeared the turning point in the fight. The big one was carried to his corner in a prostrate state and the battle seemed virtually over, but from the excellent nursing of his seconds he was brought up in time for

8. George appeared exceedingly groggy, and, acting on the saving suit, ere scarcely a blow had been struck he went down to avoid punishment.

9. George came well up with his strength considerably recruited, and taking the initiative, got well on the little one's peeper, receiving in return a tremendous hit on the mouth, the blow literally splitting the under lip. Rallied to a close, both down side by side.

They continued thus a thorough good give and take combat, with no favor shown, for 74 rounds, occupying one hour and 40 minutes, when the police appeared on the scene, and the cessation of hostilities became imperative. A retrograde movement was at once made for Bob Brettle's far-famed hostelrie, where the referee ordered the belligerents to repair to the Boar's Head, on the Walsall Road. Arrived there, a new ring was quickly pitched, and although the sable mantle of night was thrown o'er the scene, some seven rounds were contested, occupying 26 minutes, when the ring was broken into and a regular melee ensued. A most unsatisfactory termination to what at first promised to be a brilliant affair. It was now impossible to proceed, and the parties at once returned home; and it is concluded the affair will terminate in a draw.

REMARKS.—The superior reach of George Jones enabled him to get on in several of the rounds without anything like an adequate return, but both his hands were gone, his lower lip split, and his face and ribs considerably punished, while J. Jones' eyes were both shut up, and his *tout ensemble* was anything but a study for an artist, although a gamer lad never peeled for a contest.

TWO BANTAM BOXERS.—As soon as the fight between Chambers and Evans, on Nov. 8th, had been concluded, preparations were made for the box between two Manchester bantams, named John Mack and John Cunningham, at 7st 6lb, for a tenner, they having agreed to fight in the same ring. Cunningham is 18 years of age, 5ft 4in high, and was backed from the Saw Mill Tavern. He made his debut in the P. R. with Young Flanagan on the 19th of Nov., 1863, for a small stake, when, after fighting 110 rounds, 2h 25m, the beaks interfered, and the affair ultimately ended in a draw. Fought a similar draw with Mike Martin for £4 last April, 7 rounds, 26 min. Most found friends to back his claims at Jack Miller's, where he was trained by the boy himself. He has seen 21 summers, is 5ft 2¾in. in altitude, and on weighing was a trifle lighter than his opponent. His maiden victory was over Young Grindley, of Hulme, for £4, about 2 years ago, after a desperate battle of 1 hour 30 min, 20 rounds; beat Bill Lloyd, for £2, 60 min, May, 1864; beat Flanagan in Nov. last year, 14 rounds, 18 min, £2 a side; and beat McGann, £3 a side, 25 min, 14 rounds, September last. Cunningham threw in his cap, but Mack and his party had not arrived. They came, however, shortly afterwards, but Cunningham refused to fight, and claimed the stakes in consequence of his opponent's absence. A meeting was held the same evening, but nothing definite was agreed on, the matter being left to the decision of the stakeholder.

HARRY GRAHAM VS. FRED PEEL.—On Thursday morning, Nov. 9th, Harry Graham (better known as Grime) and Fred Peel met at an early hour to have a game of fisticuffs for a fiver. The *rendezvous* was a well known spot on the York road, a little distance from Leeds, England, but on approaching the locality several "gentlemen in blue" were discovered to be in waiting. A committee of ways and means was immediately called, and a move at once decided upon; and fortunately this was accomplished so promptly as to completely throw the bobbies off the scent, the place chosen being a nice sequestered spot. The fighting weight of Graham was 9st 7lb; he is in his thirty first year, and stands 5ft 6in. Peel's weight is 9st 10lb, his age twenty-five years, and he measures 5ft 7¼in. After stripping, the man were not long commencing hostilities, Graham drawing first blood in the first round, and giving the first knock down blow in the fifth. The number of rounds fought was twenty-two, occupying 55 min., at the end of which Graham was declared the winner. We omit the seconds' names for prudential reasons. Peel was rather severely punished, while Graham escaped with a few scratches. The latter was the favorite, though there was not much speculation on the event.

HUGHES VS. SULLIVAN.—On Monday, Nov. 6th, a determined fight took place between these amateurs near Notting Hill, England, for a purse of £10, catch weight. After battling for 2 hours and 42 minutes, during which time twenty-seven rounds were got through, the police came up and apprehended Sullivan, and, on his appearing before the magistrates on Wednesday, was remanded. The referee met the backers of the men on Monday night, and, after a somewhat stormy discussion, that functionary threw up his office, and thus the matter rests.

UNFORTUNATE.—We regret to learn that old Billy McMullin, of the Moyamensing Hose Company, of Philadelphia, lately met with a serious accident by falling head foremost from a ladder while in the performance of his duty at a fire in Willing Alley, in that city. He sustained severe external and internal injuries, and has been laid up ever since. His escape from instant death is regarded as miraculous. May his recovery be speedy.

THE TURF.

TROTTING AT THE UNION COURSE, L. I.

A very spirited trot came off at the above course on the 24th ult., between H. Woodruff's chestnut stallion and D. Mace's bay mare, Maggie Mitchell, for a purse of $500, mile heats, 3 in 5. The turn out of the patrons of the turf was very meagre, it having been announced that the stipulations were for a good day and track, and it being supposed that the latter must be in an unfavorable condition by reason of the rain which fell during the three days previous, the majority of the regular *habitues* concluded that the race would not take place then, and so remained at home. Very little betting was done, the stallion having the call at 100 to 60 before the start. The time accomplished was very good, considering the heavy state of the track. Annexed is the summary:—

Union Course, L. I., Friday Nov. 24.—Match $500, mile heats, best three in five.

H. Woodruff named chestnut stallion, to wagon.....	1	1	2	1
D. Mace named b m Maggie Mitchell, in harness....	2	2	1	2

Time, 2:56¾; 2:46¾; 2:49¾; 2:47.

TROTTING AT FRANKLIN PARK, BOSTON, MASS.—The closing race of the season at the above course took place on the 23d ult., the contestants being Sorrel Dan, Blackstone Belle and Fearnaught. The nags named are all of high repute in that neighborhood, and being regarded as about evenly matched in point of speed, a close and exciting race was expected to result from the meeting. The grounds were visited by a goodly assemblage of turfites and others, and those who had anticipated witnessing a hard struggle were not disappointed, as the race was one of the finest which has eventuated there during the season. Below will be found the summary:—

Franklin Park, Boston, Mass., Nov. 23, 1865.—Sweepstakes $250 each, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

J. S. Turner ns s g Sorrel Dan.....	1	2	0	1	1
H. Smith ns blk m Blackstone Belle.....	2	1	0	2	2
W. Woodruff ns s g Fearnaught.....					drawn

Time, 2:38¼; 2:39¾; 2:38¾; 2:39½; 2:38¾.

TROTTING AT RIVERSIDE PARK, BOSTON.—The managers of the above grounds have been indefatigable in their endeavors to cater to the wants of the votaries of the race course during the season now drawing to a close, and the turfites resident at the Hub have had no cause to complain of a lack of their favorite amusement. Another day's excellent trotting took place on the 24th ult., the occasion being a benefit tendered by the managers to Mr. Turner, a well known trainer and driver, who has been under the weather for some time past. The weather was propitious, and the attendance pretty good, although not as large as had been anticipated, considering the charitable object of the meeting. The following is a summary of the day's racing:

Riverside Park, Boston, Mass., Nov. 24, 1865.—Purse $50, mile heats, mile and repeat, in harness.

M. Carroll ns s g Henry Columbus.....	1	1
W. Bailey ns s g Lodi.....	2	2

Time, 2:46¾; 2:46.

Same Day.—Purse $100; mile heats, 2 in 3.

J. S. Turner's Sorrel Dan.....	0	1	1
H. Smith's Fearnaught.....	0	2	dr.

Time, 2:34; 2:37.

Same Day.—Match $200; mile heats, 3 in 5, to wagon.

J. J. Bowen ns. b. g. Rocky Mountain.....	2	1	1	2	1
E. L. Norcross ns. b. m. Honest Kate.....	1	2	2	1	2

Time, 2:53¾; 2:49; 2:56; 2:50; 2:47.

Same Day.—Purse ——; mile heats, 3 in 5.

Fort Hill Boy, to harness.....	1	1	1
Baby.....	2	2	2

Time, 2:53; 2:55; 2:55.

TROT AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—An interesting trot came off on the 20th inst., at Cambridge, Mass., between L. B. Hawthorn's Lady Greenough, to wagon, and M. B. Hall's Young Morrill, to harness, mile heats, best 3 in 5. The Lady won in three straight heats. No time taken.

TROTTING NEAR PITTSBURGH, PA.—Oakland Park Race Course, located a few miles distant from the village of smoke, was the scene of several interesting trials of speed on the 10th inst., which were witnessed by a goodly turn-out of brave men and fair women. The first event was between "Charley Shadwick" and "Sleepy Davie," two animals of considerable local repute, mile heats, best 3 in 5. It proved one of the fastest races of the season, and was won by the former. Time, 2:34; 2:36 and 2:32. The second was competed for by "General Thomas" and Josephine," and although the time recorded was not fast, the contest was exciting, and resulted in the victory of the General. Time, 2:47; 2:44; 2:46; 2:45; 2:47.

A CHAPTER ON GAME SHOOTING.

How to Handle a Gun.

Although it must be admitted that good shots are more numerous than formerly, still there are comparatively few who may justly be considered first rate. All who take gun in hand for the first time wish to make good use of it, and are desirous of becoming good shots, many most ambitious to excel; yet how few before they commence their sporting career think it necessary to make themselves acquainted with the first principles of the art, the scientific part of the business; and this omission may possibly explain the reason why so many men who have shot for years, and who labor under no physical impediment to success, shoot as badly as on the first day they put the gun to the shoulder, missing more shots than they kill, killing only a certain description of shot, and invariably missing others; of this description are those, and how often are they to be met with, who kill straightforward shots tolerably, but who constantly miss side shots; others, who although successful at both of these, cannot touch a bird coming over their heads; some who kill side shots to the left but not to the right. It must, of course, be admitted that there can be no first-rate shooting without unexceptionable sight and good nerve, but it does not follow that the possession of these qualities will, as a matter of course, ensure first rate shooting; they are, however, the means to the end, dependent on their judicious employment; one must co-operate with the other, the hand obey and be subservient to the eye. The possession, therefore, of these physical qualities is the preliminary condition of success; their judicious and effective exercise being dependent on the extent to which they are subservient to the will, as good sight and the knowledge of the best means of using it may exist without the power of certain and absolute control over the hand and trigger finger; a sportsman may know that he ought to shoot three feet before a bird which is passing rapidly over his head, and his sight and judgment may be sufficiently good to enable him to give the required direction to his gun, but still, in spite of these advantages, he may pull the trigger earlier than he intended, because he has not brought his physical capabilities into a state of subjection, and acquired that self-control which is necessary to success. If this theory be correct, it will appear that the first condition on which good shooting depends is a knowledge of the principles of the art; the second condition, the power of applying them, mental and physical exertion being equally requisite; indeed, shooting is a much greater intellectual recreation than it is generally supposed to be, when it is scientifically carried out, when the hand and eye are so perfectly drilled that they are under the absolute control of the will. Before proceeding further with this subject, it may, perhaps, be as well to explain the meaning of the terms, lines of sight, of projection, and the trajectory. The line of sight is from the eye to the object aimed at; the line of projection is from the axis of the bore or calibre in the same direction, and consequently will be considerably above the object aimed at; the trajectory is the course taken by the shot, bullet or any other missile. As the line of sight is not parallel with the line of projection, inasmuch as the barrel is much thicker at the breech end than at the muzzle, independently of the additional elevation which is sometimes given by an elevated rib, it follows that the former must intersect the latter almost immediately at the muzzle; consequently at a distance of forty yards it will be from six to eight inches under it, more or less, according to the particular make of the gun. The greater the angle at the point of intersection, the greater must evidently be the degree of elevation. This is a mathematical truth which explains itself. The elevation is necessary in consideration of the law of gravity, in obedience to which any missile gradually descends toward the earth after leaving the barrel. The trajectory is the course which the shot or bullet actually takes after leaving the muzzle, which, at the commencement of its flight, is along the line of projection, but gradually deviating from it, agreeably to the law of gravitation, till it reaches the earth. No bullet or other missile can ever rise above the line of projection, because that would be physically impossible, a triumph over nature. It is not conceivable that any missile can rise above that line of flight into which it is, in the first instance, directed by the propelling power, although it is suggested by some writers on this subject that the resistance of the atmosphere to an elongated projectile may produce an upward tendency, so as to force it above the line of projection. We have, however, too much respect for the law of gravitation to subscribe to this theory. The degree of deviation, or rate of descent from the line of projection, will depend on the strength of the propelling power, and on the quality of the weapon from which the missile proceeds, so that in guns of first rate quality less elevation is required than in those of inferior make. A stone thrown into the air from a weak and a strong arm will afford an illustration of this principle, the former descending to the earth with more rapidity than the latter. Having given this slight explanation of the meaning of some of the terms used in reference to the scientific position of shooting, we will endeavor to convey a few instructive suggestions as to the practical part of it, that which relates to the most effective management of the gun in cover and out of it, on the moor as well as in the snipe marsh. By the most effective use, we mean killing cleverly and cleanly all game shot within the ordinary range of shot, and this end is attained by the first rate shot by his so directing his gun that whatever he fires at is hit with the centre of the charge; at rising birds he shoots high, at crossing birds at the proper distance ahead, according to the pace at which they are proceeding; most of the birds he shoots at fall dead, occasionally with a broken wing, but rarely with the legs touched; and in the case of a hare or rabbit, it is rare that a hind leg is broken; the second rate shot merely shoots *at* what he kills, and consequently constantly breaks both legs and wings. Those who have had many opportunities of witnessing first and second rate shooting will have no difficulty in recognizing this distinction. When the endeavor to shoot high and forward is constantly made, it will be found to be an easy of accomplishment as the less scientific and careless habit of merely shooting *at* game. As a rule, birds flying straight from the shooter are on the rise, so that an effort ought always to be made to shoot over them, especially when they are at long distances, i. e., between thirty-five and fifty yards, the point blank distance of most guns not being beyond thirty-five yards. When birds are only hit at forty-five or fifty yards, and do not fall, the reason mostly is, not because the charge was not sufficiently strong to have killed at those distances, but because the object aimed at was hit with the outside shot, instead of the centre of the charge, with the weak instead of the strong shot, the usual aim having only been taken, instead of some extra elevation having been given in consideration of the distance. When wild fowl are flying over the surface of water from the shooter at thirty-five and forty yards, if he merely shoots at them, i. e., only covers them, as a rule he will wound, but not kill; but if he shoots over them, the centre of the charge will in all probability strike the head. Most wild fowl being tough and difficult to kill, the observance of this rule will be found of more advantage as to them than to any other birds; but in either grouse, pheasant, partridge, or cock shooting at long distances, attention to this particular will not be without its reward. It is most annoying to witness the escape of birds without broken legs, which ought to have been killed clean, owing to indifferent shooting; such birds frequently fly to a distance before they drop, and are not often recovered; in fact, a vast quantity of game is victimized and lost by bad shooting. In many instances the gun is blamed when the sportsman alone was in fault. Shooting under and behind are the two great faults which characterise the performance of moderate shots; and these faults arise either from ignorance of the principles of the art, or from hurry and precipitation consequent on an absence of self-control. Many sportsmen are so eager that they cannot wait till game which rises from under their feet reaches the proper distance to be shot at. The gun is immediately put to the shoulder and discharged, the consequence of which bad practice is, the bird is either missed or blown to pieces. When there is space no bird ought to be shot at under thirty yards, although thirty-five yards is about the best and most effective distance for a first-rate gun which is *properly* directed.

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N. B.—Managers of Theatres, Concert Halls and Traveling Troupes, will do well to forward us their orders for anything that they may need in the profession. Address DAVIS & CO., Theatrical Agents, Drawer 6390, P. O., Chicago, Ill. 34-4t*

NOTICE.
THE ROYAL LYCEUM, TORONTO.
Is open for the season under the sole management of J. C. Myers. Stars wishing time, will make application immediately to Miss Flora Myers, Toronto. Stars who have made arrangements with Mr. Laugdon, will please make known their time at once.
[34-2t*] J. C. MYERS, Sole Lessee and Manager.
P. S.—Wanted, a leading man, juvenile man and chamberm aid.

TO MANAGERS OF
FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENTS.
Having just completed a very successful engagement of two years with SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS, I am now open to negotiate with any first class show. Address
C. E. RICHARDSON,
Former Agent of Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels,
34-2t* Care Calhoun's Printing Office, Hartford, Conn.

M. JOHN DENIER,
THE GREAT SENSATION GYMNAST AND
KING OF TIGHT ROPE ARTISTS,
Has just returned from a professional tour through Canada, where he has achieved the greatest triumph of the age, and received the highest encomiums from the press. All parties wishing to negotiate with him will address him immediately, Western Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., or Clipper Office, 22 Spruce st., N.Y. [34-1t*]

NOTICE TO THE PROFESSION.
I beg leave to inform the public that the copartnership lately entered into between J. E. Green and myself for the organization of a Minstrel Troupe, is this day dissolved, I withdrawing from all such arrangement. All debts contracted on and after this date by said Green for any such a company, must be paid by said Green. SAMUEL POND.
New York, Nov. 24th, 1865. 34-1t*

WANTED.
A number of SINGERS and DANCERS for Concert Halls. Address DAVIS & CO. Theatrical Agents, Chicago, Ill. 34-1t*

ASHE & CO.,
NOS. 159 AND 161 MERCER STREET, NEW YORK,
SIGN & SCENIC ARTISTS.
Show Signs, Fancy Posters, Photographic Back Grounds, &c. 34-3m

"YANKEE" ROBINSON,
THE WORLD RENOWNED COMEDIAN.
Having a portion of his time unoccupied, would be pleased to negotiate with responsible managers for nights. Address 12 and 14 Spruce street, N. Y., or South Clinton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 34-1t

WANTED—To travel and support a Star, a talented and very versatile Comedienne. One competent to do protean business, &c., may hear of a rare opportunity by addressing "Star," care of CLIPPER. 34-1t

AMUSEMENTS.

MANAGER CHARLES H. DUPREZ
again would most respectfully caution the public against
J. E. GREEN,
who is circulating false reports about the famous
DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS,
with intention to injure the world-wide reputation of the above-named Troupe.
The said J. E. GREEN was compelled to leave the DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS at my request, as I considered him unworthy to be associated with myself in business.
My reasons for disconnecting myself from the said GREEN are many, and unless this scandalous person takes a more honorable course towards me, and keeps that poisonous tongue of his still, I will in future disclose to the public the facts.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
Manager Duprez & Green's Minstrels.
The Troy Press of Nov. 25th publishes the following notice and card:
DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS.
This popular company of minstrels—one of the best and most popular in the country—give an entertainment here this evening, in Rand's Hall. The house will no doubt be full, as the merits of this splendid company are such as always to command large and respectable audiences. The statements made in the Whig of this morning that the company is on its way to New York to disband, and then to reorganize under another name, is wholly untrue, as will appear by the following card, signed by every member of the company:
A CARD.
TO THE PROFESSION AND PUBLIC GENERALLY:
The statements made at Syracuse, Troy, and other places, by J. E. Green (late of the firm of Duprez & Green's Minstrels) that a number of the members comprising this widely popular organization, now DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS, are about leaving to join some other troupe, is false in EVERY PARTICULAR, and have been made by the said Green solely with the view of injuring DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS. Not a single member of this successful troupe has any such intentions.
Signed:

SAM POND, Agent.	F. E. KRITTA,
GUSTAVE BIDAUX,	J. B. MURPHY,
LEW BENEDICT,	CHAS KOEHL,
WILLIAM WEST,	FRANK KENT,
GONSALVO BISHOP,	JACOB KOEHL,
JAMES KOEHL,	BILLY PRESTON,
EDWIN HOLMES,	J. W. BENJAMIN,
F. HEINRICH,	C. WAYNE,
E. M. PARMELEE,	J. E. JONES,

C. H. DUPREZ.
Troy, New York, Nov. 25, 1865.
This company of minstrels is one of the oldest in the country and one of the best, and we regret that the Whig should have made such unwarranted allusions to affairs of which it had no certain knowledge. Mr. Green has not been a member of the company since the 11th inst., at which time Mr. C. H. Duprez, not being willing to continue longer in copartnership with him, purchased of him his entire interest, paying therefor nearly two thousand dollars. The firm is now composed of Duprez and Benedict. The exclusion of Mr. Green does not in any wise detract from the merits of the company. It has been rather an advantage, as his place is more than supplied by the best artists. Go to-night and hear them, and be satisfied that they are the best party that ever played in Troy. 34-2t*

OCEANA,
THE CZARINA OF THE HIPPODROME
And
PRINCIPAL MAZEPPA ARTIST IN THE U. S.,
IS READY TO NEGOTIATE WITH MANAGERS FOR NIGHTS OR WEEKS TO PRODUCE HER
NEW SENSATION EQUESTRIAN DRAMA,
IN FIVE ACTS,
FOUNDED ON A HISTORICAL FACT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, AND DRAMATIZED BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR EXPRESSLY FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL AND GIFTED ARTIST,
AND CALLED
HILDA, THE WARRIOR QUEEN OF AUVERNE.
ALSO,
MAZEPPA, FRENCH SPY,
WEPT, DUMB GIRL, DON JUAN, &C., &C.
Address,
HENRI LORAINE,
Agent,
34-1t* Barnum's Museum, N. Y.

FREDERICK AND JEROME LUBIN,
PAR EXCELLENCE.
THE MAGICIANS OF THE WORLD,
Also Importers, Manufacturers and Originators of all Magic Apparatus.
THE ONLY MANUFACTURERS IN THE UNITED STATES of whom
HERRMANN
says: The apparatuses of the Lubins are the very best I have ever seen or used, and can recommend them to my friends.
JEROME LUBIN has received from the
ECOLE DE MECHANIQUE IN VIENNA,
A gold medal for ingenious mechanism.
We received on Wednesday, Nov. 22, per steamer from Voisin, in Paris, a large assortment of the latest
PARISIAN TRICKS AND EXPERIMENTS,
Which we now offer at reasonable rates, to Professors and Amateurs. We are also ready to give Exhibitions during the holidays, and parties wishing to engage may communicate.
For catalogue, enclose stamp to
34-1t* 185 Laurens street.

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS.
THE MODEL MINSTREL ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD,
Now on their return from the West, after one of the
MOST BRILLIANT SEASONS
ever experienced by any Traveling Company in this country.
Acknowledged by the entire Western Press to be the best Company ever seen in the West. The Company is now enlarged, and includes TWENTY-TWO PERFORMERS,
and the best Quartet in the business, Four Comedians, together with the Champion Clog Dancers, Delehanty and Ward. The Company is now on a tour through the Eastern States, where they are well known as without rivals.
SKIFF & GAYLORD, Proprietors.
M. T. SKIFF, Manager.
L. M. W. STEERE, Agent. 34-1f

FOR SALE,—A Private Collection of 50 separate full sized cartes de visite of distinguished American Actors and Actresses, by Fredericks, enclosed in two display cards. Address, with price offered, [34-1t*] SIR GILES, Clipper Office.

NOTICE TO THE PROFESSION.
GENERAL THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL AGENCY.
ENGAGEMENTS EFFECTED, HALLS RENTED, PRINTING and ADVERTISING attended to with dispatch. Managers in want of a first class agent, well acquainted with the Southern country, will please address FUNSTON & CORNWELL,
Box 889 Philadelphia P. O., or
34-2t* Programme Office, 431 Chestnut street.

WANTED.—FOUR MUSICIANS.—First and Second Violin, Cornet and Flute, for a private Amateur Entertainment in this city. Those accustomed to play without note preferred. All communications to be addressed to
34-1t* F. S. A., Clipper Office.

REORGANIZATION,
THE OLD, ORIGINAL
JOHNNY BOOKER'S
MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND
Have Reorganized, composed of
TWENTY STAR PERFORMERS,
One of the Oldest and Best Bands ever organized, consisting of TWENTY UNDO

THE MENKEN;

And Her New Bantling "The Child of the Sun."

THE following humorous description of the new play written by John Brougham for Adah Isaacs Menken appears in the London *Punch*. Although the *critique* is of the funny order, yet there is a vein of sarcasm running through the whole, which hits off very cleverly the present style of getting up sensation plays. It will well repay perusal. Read it:—

"THE CHILD OF THE SUN."

The star of Astley's is again in the ascendant. Mr. John Brougham has given us one of his admirable dramas, remarkable for its stirring incidents, neat construction, and the marvellous exhibition of vitality on the part of Mr. Basil Potter. This gentleman is shot by every body in every act, and only succumbs at last, out of politeness, to Miss Menken. I'll try and give you some idea of the piece as it appeared on the first night of its production; it has since been altered. During the overture, which has been characteristically arranged for drums and brass, military gentlemen entered the stalls and winked at one another, being evidently under the impression that they were going to see something racy. The curtain rises on—

A Prologue in Mexico, and a Hacienda in Terra Caliente.

Peasants dance for some considerable time, and the sun sets.

More peasants dance. After which, enter a wild Irishman and a Yankee.

IRISHMAN. Och, sure, 'tis myself. Bedad. (*Flourishes shillelagh.*)

YANKEE. Waal, I calkilate that aren't true grit.

IRISHMAN. Och, bedad, boitheration, whisht, 'tis a tiger.

YANKEE. Guess he 's a-ating a young woman.

(Grumbling music, and drum, descriptive of the tiger's habits.) Enter an Elderly Mexican Lady.

ELDERLY MEXICAN LADY. (Distractedly.) My daughter! (Recognises some one in the stalls, and becomes more distracted than ever.

IRISHMAN. (Flourishing shillelagh.) Bedad! (Drum.)

YANKEE. (With characteristic coolness.) Guess, 'cuss, old hoss, &c., &c., (and other similar expressions, until interrupted by the firing of a gun.

Enter Menken as Leon, a Mexican slave on horseback.

MILITARY. (In stalls.) That's Menken (exhibiting great disappointment.) Why she's not dressed a bit like the pictures; she's got a lot of clothes on. (Disgust of the Military.)

LEON. (Who has shot the tiger, restores a young lady to elderly Mexican female, and says in broken English.) Take-a-your-ar-daughtar! (Gets off her horse to strike an attitude in the centre of the stage.)

IRISHMAN. (Vaguely.) Bedad!

YANKEE. Waal, I guess. (Looks at pit; nobody laughs. Exeunt both.)

JUANITA. My Preserver! (To Leon, who strikes an attitude like Ajax defying the lightning.)

LEON. No; I am not worthy. (Embraces her. Elderly Matron clasps her hands, and looks appealingly at the conductor of the band.)

(Exeunt everybody, Leon striking six different attitudes, one after the other, before going off. Great applause. Music descriptive of nothing in particular. Enter a Monk hobbling. Music finishes with a good bang on the drum.

MONK. Mumble, mumble, mumble. (Walks about, talking to himself, and it is supposed telling the chief points of the plot.) Mumble, mumble, mumble. (Drum bangs, probably by mistake.)

Enter an Old Mexican Planter in a figured dressing-gown; he is accommodated with a chair in the centre of the stage. Menken, as Leon, strikes an attitude to amuse him. The Monk continues mumbling.

OLD MEXICAN PLANTER. (Evincing a strong desire for "the latest intelligence.") The papers! the papers! (Exit Monk to fetch them; in his absence, Leon strikes three or four more attitudes, while the Old Mexican Planter groans.)

LEON. (Explaining.) I am the Child of the Sun. (Old Mexican Planter groans, but gazes at her fondly, while man in the orchestra plays the drum feelingly.)

(Exit Leon, having nothing to say. Re-enter the Monk with evening papers.)

MONK. I will tell you who he is (meaning Leon). He is mumble, mumble, mumble, and I am your nephew. (Drum. Monk throws off his habit, and the audience recognize Mr. Basil Potter as a brigand.)

MR. BASIL POTTER. (Struck with a sudden idea.) There is no one here; I will kill him. (*Kills him.* Drum.)

(Enter everybody, and the Wild Irishman. Somebody shoots Mr. Basil Potter, who staggers off.)

LEON. (Rushes on.) The papers! the papers!

JUNIATA. My preserver!

LEON. (Cutting out the Irishman, who has got a speech ready, beginning with "Bedad!") No! (Gives a new view of the case.) I am accursed!

(Everybody appears sorry to hear it, and curtain descends.)

End of Prologue.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Mexico. Mr. Basil Potter as a Brigand, smoking with another Brigand.*

MR. BASIL POTTER. Can't make out who shot them all through the head. Here's the dumb slave, Zamba.

(Enter Menken, as the Dumb Slave, Zamba. Military gentlemen in stalls cheer up on seeing that the costume has been slightly modified, and begin to think it's going to be as good as Mazeppa.)

MR. BASIL POTTER. How did you become dumb?

(Menken, as Zamba, stamps her foot, opens her chest, stamps her foot again, points with one finger to the right hand corner, closes her eyes, opens her eyes, points suddenly to the left hand corner, stamps twice, and bows to Mr. Potter.)

MR. BASIL POTTER. (Exhibiting great sagacity.) I understand you. You must have loved deeply.

(Menken, as Zamba, opens her eyes, smiles, kisses her hand apparently to some one in the gallery, presses her heart, extends her arms, clasps her hands, shakes her head, stamps and bows to Mr. Potter.)

MR. BASIL POTTER. (Perfectly satisfied.) A melancholy story. (Exit Zamba.)

THE OTHER BRIGAND (who has been considerably puzzled). Zamba is ——.

(Menken appears at the back, fires a gun in the air, but the Brigand falls.

(Re-enter Menken as Zamba. Great applause.)

MR. POTTER. (Puzzled.) To-night I bring home my bride. (Exit.)

(Zamba talks to some one for a few minutes, and after a few dozen attitudes, exits.)

SCENE 2.—*A Pass.*

(Enter the Irishman as an Indian.)

IRISHMEN. Bedad!

(Whirls his shillelah, and frightens the American, who then sings a song. After which, enter a crowd, and in order to sustain the interest, some one shoots Mr. Potter.)

YANKEE. (To Irishman.) Guess I'll buy your old hoss. (Looks at pit; no one laughs, exeunt both to rescue Zamba.)

SCENE 3.—*The Rapids.*

(Enter the Irishman and Yankee.)

IRISHMAN. 'Tis himself! Bedad! save him!

(Menken, as Zamba, appears on a noble dummy horse, which plunges bravely into the rapids. Zamba clutches at a rope, which has been left suspended from (apparently) the sky, by some one who had been recently practising the trapeze in this place. The Yankee and Irishman throw a rope, which obligingly fastens itself around Zamba's body, and then they draw him up. Gun heard outside; supposed to be Mr. Potter shot for the third time.)

Curtain. End of Act 1,

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Among the Camanches.*

(Enter Mr. Basil Potter and Brigand friends. They somehow or another secure Zamba and Juanita, and tie Zamba up to a rock, to be shot.)

MR. POTTER. No mercy! (Noise heard without.) Ha! 'tis the Camanches!

(Enter Indians.)

(Brigands fire in the air. Somebody shoots Mr. Basil Potter. Exeunt Brigands.)

INDIANS. Wah! wah! wah! (Dialogue in their native tongue.)

(Enter Indian Queen.)

INDIAN QUEEN. (Who understands and speaks English fluently.) Ah! the pale face! (Meaning Zamba.) I will kill him! (Is going to stab him, but the lime-light being turned full on Zamba, has a great effect on the savage.) Ha! the pale face is my son! (Puts a scrt of Highland bonnet on his head.) And (to the Camanches) your chief!

(Zamba strikes several attitudes, and the Camanches accept her as their chief.)

SCENE 2.—Still among the Indians. The plot here turns upon the Yankee selling a horse to the Irishman, or buying it from him, whichever it is, the Irishman sings a song, and is pursued by Indians; after which, Mr. Basil Potter appears, and is disposed of, as usual.

SCENE 3.—Menken, as Metoxa, the Indian Chief. Military gentlemen begin to think it's not so good as Mazeppa.

METOXA (rescuing Juanita from an Indian). Camanches! the Great Spirit is angry. Behold! (The Child of the Sun points to the man in the moon. Gradual but total eclipse. Superstitious Indians take up guns to shoot the moon. Metoxa, and a select party, escape. Just before the scene closes, Mr. Basil Potter arrives, and is immediately shot.)

End of Act II.

LAST ACT.

SAME AS SCENE 2.—Elderly Mexican Lady talks seriously to Mr. Potter, and Mr. Potter talks seriously to Elderly Mexican Lady. Awkward pause. Mexican Lady looks at Mr. Potter, and Mr. Potter looks at the Mexican Lady, then both look at the Prompter. Mexican Lady uses her fan and retires. Prompter retires, and Mr. Potter wishes that somebody would shoot him. Arrival of Menken as Zamba-Leon-Metoxa. More conversation. Exeunt.)

(Enter Wild Irishman and Yankee.)

IRISHMAN. Bedad, Sorr! 'tis myself that'll buy (or sell) yez the horse.

YANKEE. Guess his carcase ain't (something or other; nobody laughs.)

(Enter drunken parson. Irishman bonnets him.)

(Exeunt Yankee and Irishman, and drunken Person.)

Then enters an entirely new character. He is dressed as a Brigand, and has never been seen before at any stage of the drama.

ENTIRELY NEW CHARACTER (lounging down to the lights, and addressing the audience). I shall go to the court.

[Exit Entirely New Character, much cheered by the Gallery.

LAST SCENE.—Mexican Court of Justice. Disreputable looking people in black gowns seated at a table, apparently quarreling after dinner.

MR. BASIL POTTER (as fresh as ever). And I denounce him (Menken as Leon,) &c.

MENKEN (to Court of Justice, represented by the Yankee in the Judge's chair). Leave him to me!

[It being, however, Mr. Basil Potter's turn to kill somebody, he stabs Drunken Person; then Menken attacks him. While they fight the case is being argued in Court, and judgment is given for the defendant, whereupon everybody yells and shouts, produces guns, and fights with everybody else, while those who have no antagonists set fire to the court house. No one is alarmed at this catastrophe, but all assume attitudes; while Mr. Potter, who has been killed for the seventh and last time, lies flat on the stage, kindly affording Miss Menken an opportunity for throwing herself into three triumphant attitudes on the small of his back.

Red Fire. Tableau.

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

A Tragedy.

BY TIMOTHY JONES.

In the spring of 1860, I went to Guilford to transact some professional business and attend a trial which was then before the assizes. I reached the place late in the evening, and found that every hotel was full, with the exception of one bed in a double-bedded room at a second-rate tavern.

"The other bed is occupied by a gentleman from London," said the landlord; and as an inducement for me to help on the profits of the house, he added, "He is neither a rogue nor a cut-throat, judging from his appearance. Of course you'll not have any scruples about sleeping in the same room with him?"

As I had nothing about me to tempt even a third-rate thief, and had never given any of my fellow-men sufficient reason for severing my jugular in the dark, I decided to take the bed in question, and soon after retired to the room.

My fellow-traveler was already in bed and apparently asleep, with his face turned towards me. It was that of a mild-looking man of thirty-five, of a sandy complexion, with a hungry look. There was nothing in his physiognomy, however, that led me to suspect him given to deeds of darkness; so I unconced myself in bed; and, with my last thoughts upon dear Mrs. Jones, I was soon as unconscious as one of the seven sleepers.

A little past midnight I was awakened by a voice from my neighbor's bed. I listened. He was muttering something in his sleep.

"Oh, Mary, how can you cast me off?" he went on, in the pleading tones of a distracted lover. "How can you forget the love that has followed you for so many years, and never turned from you in your misfortune when you stood alone in the world?"

Then came a pause, after which he continued with more moving tones than before:—

"Say not so—say not so. Before he with his wealth crossed your path we were happy in each other; and why should I be now cast off, after you have sworn by all that is high and good that you would be mine? Ah! Mary, if you reject me my soul will be given to some dark deed that will destroy us both. I shall have faith neither in heaven or women to restrain me. Then you turn a deaf ear to my last prayer? You have chosen your own fate; and mark my words, you shall never marry him!"

The mind of the sleeper seemed to have become calm and his dreams undisturbed as soon as he had given utterance to these last words.

"He doesn't sleep well," thought I. "He is going through with a romantic part of life. He has taken the disease at an untimely age; it goes hard with him."

And as I remembered I had had just such dreams at one time, when I was near losing the present Mrs. Jones, I was not at all alarmed by my neighbor's ominous expressions. I thought no more about the matter till I saw the individual in court the next day.

The case was that of a young man on trial for the murder of a young woman to whom he had been betrothed. The ground of his arrest was, that on the night of her murder, in her own father's house, he was the last person known to be with her. She had lived for several years in London; and it was reported that she there made the acquaintance of a penniless young man, to whom she was engaged to be married; and that she had broken off her engagement with him for a more wealthy rival, whom she met after her return home.

As I listened to the proceedings of the trial, I noticed that my fellow-lodger seemed to take more of an interest in them than would be expected in an ordinary spectator. I then began to think whether there could be any connection between this crime and what I heard him saying in his sleep the preceding night. It was a striking coincidence that Mary was the name of the murdered young woman. He had seemed to be pressing his claims as more binding than those of a later and wealthy lover. His threadbare suit and general appearance showed that he might personify the poor lover. Moreover, he was from London, and seemed to have no particular business, except to hang about the court and note the proceedings. I kept my thoughts to myself, however, and watched for further developments.

That night I went to bed first. My strange friend came up after I was apparently asleep. He seemed wholly unconscious of my presence. He placed his candle on the table near his bed, and began to examine some papers which he drew from the breast-pocket of his seedy coat. Occasionally he would rise and pace to and fro, as if there were some burden upon his soul.

"Yes, it must be so," he muttered. "There is no other way for it. A man driven on by such a passion as Mary inspired is not master of himself, though close upon the horrid deed may follow black remorse. But I'll to bed, and bide the morrow's events; and then, if I see no other way, I'll do it."

What was it that he was to do? I could only speculate. That it was connected with the trial I could not doubt. It seemed plain that he was in some way connected with the murder. Perhaps he might be the real murderer, and, driven by a guilty conscience, was awaiting the result of the trial before making a full confession of the crime.

The next day I attended the court as before. My strange friend was there, and seemed scarcely less interested than the prisoner at the bar. I watched him attentively.

Later in the afternoon, as I was riding through the outskirts of the town, I passed him pacing slowly with his hands behind him, and so lost in thought that he did not even look up as I went by. He returned to the hotel, and ate his supper in silence.

When I retired for the night, I left him sitting in the coffee room, with an elbow on each arm of his chair, gazing silently at the fire.

I had been in bed about half an hour when he came up stairs with two candles which he placed upon his table. He then went to his valise and took out several quires of foolscap, and, lastly, drew from his pocket a small black bottle, and placed it by his side, as he sat down and began to write.

I was too much interested in this movement to think of going to sleep, so I lay still, and kept my attention fixed upon him.

At first his pen moved deliberately over the paper; then as his hand passed over page after page, its scratchings became louder and more nervous. There was evidently a burning thought that must find expression in words. The veins upon his forehead were swollen as if ready to burst, and his whole expression was that of intense excitement. He seemed to have forgotten that there was any one else in the room, for I could hear him muttering his thoughts aloud as he penned them. Now and then he would pause, draw a long breath, and then dash on again. At last he threw down his pen, and struck his hand against his forehead, with the exclamation, "I did it! And now that she is gone, why do I tarry here to see that poor wretch suffer in my stead? 'Twas as I said—*she did not marry him!* There's comfort in that thought. I loved her well—so well that I did slay her. Could I have seen her as his wife and not gone mad? Ye cruel fates, ye were too many for me in the unequal strife, when 'twas a woman's heart became the price of wealth; but my good steel did find its way where gold is powerless. I'll wed her yet; for here is that shall give me quick conveyance to the shore where she has gone before."

He seized the little black bottle, took a deep draught, and then resumed his writing.

"I see it all now," thought I. "It is as I suspected. This is the murderer; the lover who did the deed. He is committing suicide, and writing out his confession!"

I was not inclined to disturb a man under such circumstances; so I lay still and awaited the result. His pen dashed on more furiously than ever. Occasionally his hand would go to the bottle, whose contents were evidently working upon his brain. One of his candles had gone out, and the other burnt low in the socket. He threw down his pen, and applied his bottle once more to his lips, and swallowed the last drop which it contained; and then, in a sepulchral tone, he gave expression to these words as he stood before the expiring embers:—

"That is all. When they do look on this, then they will know why 'twas they thought me strange. There's my confession writ for those who think it was a little thing that she rejected me. They shall know that what I swore I had the courage to perform. I'll to my couch, and let the morrow tell a tale of horror which shall make their drowsy souls believe there is a love far stronger than grim death. Farewell, earth, where gold doth rob me of my love!—and hail thou strange unknown who doth wait my coming!"

The candle burnt blue as the excited man uttered these last words, with the gestures and tones of one talking with the spirit of the murdered Mary. The last glimmer of the light was gone; and then I heard the man throw himself heavily upon the bed.

My first impulse was to give the alarm; but a second thought told me that if he was the murderer, and had written out his confession, and was now taking himself off by a dose of poison, I could do no good by bringing him back to life again only to be strung up by a rope and die like a dog. I did not see why I should try to keep a poor wretch in this world when he had become convinced that he had better leave. He might make his exit under worse circumstances; and as he had done me no wrong, I could not out of charity interfere.

With a quiet conscience I dropped asleep, and did not awake till after daylight the next morning.

I looked towards my neighbor's bed. There he lay upon the outside of the bed, with his back towards me and none of his clothes removed. The candlesticks, the black bottle, and the papers were on the table near him. I rose and dressed myself and glanced at the papers. They contained a murderer's confession, evidently. The bottle was labelled "Poison," with a death's head and crossbones, but had a strong smell of brandy.

I bent over the motionless figure on the bed. He was asleep. The whole thing was so mysterious that I said nothing about it; but after eating my breakfast and settling my bill, left for home, wondering whether I should see in the papers the next morning "The Murderer's Confession." I looked for it for some time, but as it did not appear, I began to suspect that something had been the matter with my brain during my stay at Guilford.

Several weeks afterwards I went into the Victoria Theatre to hear a sensation play which was that night to be brought out. I took my seat and watched the development of the plot. It was one of the "love and murder" stamp. I could not help thinking how similar were the circumstances to those of the trial at Guilford. When in the last act the murderer's confession was reached, it seemed but a repetition of the scene in the double-bedded room which I have already described. There was the actor striking his hand against his forehead, and finally with outstretched arms and eyes gazing into futurity, uttering these words which had been so deeply impressed upon my mind:—"Farewell, earth, where gold doth rob me of my love; and hail thou strange unknown where she doth wait my coming!"

He then staggered towards a couch, and fell senseless upon it as becomingly as could be expected of a suicide.

The applause was deafening. My neighbor, whom I had not particularly noticed before, clapped his hands, and beat the floor with his boots and cane till there was no breathing from the dust he raised. I was about to remonstrate, when my eyes assured me that he was no other than my lean friend of the double-bedded room.

The truth flashed upon me. I had heard of poor authors mingling with the crowd and going wild at the success of their plays. But the opportunity was too good to lose.

"My friend," said I, "you seem to consider the play a masterstroke."

"Indeed I do," he replied, hammering away to keep up the applause. "It takes, you see, the first time. I knew it would."

"I think I have seen it acted before," I remarked.

"Never sir—never, I assure you, for I wrote it myself, and this is the first time it has been put upon the stage."

"I do not doubt your word, sir; but perhaps you have forgotten the double-bedded room in the hotel at Guilford, where the 'Murderer's Confession' first saw the light of two tallow candles?"

"Ah, yes! I recollect trying it on that night, after I had worked it out of that murder trial."

"But why did you have your brandy bottle labelled '*Poison*'?"

"Well, sir, the fact is that I sometimes forget to put it away, and it lasts longer with that label."

There was both philosophy and common sense in the answer, and I was satisfied.

DEATH OF TOM SAYERS.

IN last week's issue we alluded to the circumstance that the renowned English pugilist whose name graces the heading of this article was lying seriously ill with that fatal disease, consumption, and that his recovery was despaired of. Sooner than we had anticipated comes to us the intelligence of the realisation of those fears which have for months past filled with sorrow the hearts of the relatives and friends of poor Tom. His decease, which had been momentarily expected for a long time, occurred on Wednesday evening, Nov. 8th, at 6 o'clock, at the residence of his staunch friend, Mr. Mousley, 257, High street, Camden Town, at the premature age of 39. Sayers was unmistakably the most distinguished British ring warrior of modern times, possessing in an eminent degree all those qualities of indomitable courage, determination of purpose, hardihood of constitution and consummate generalship, indispensably requisite to the production of a first-class boxer, and which were so conspicuously represented in the persons of the ancient professors of the art pugilistic. A better obituary of the "Dead Boxer" cannot be given than the following interesting *resume* of the fallen hero's achievements:—

"It has been erroneously supposed by many persons that our hero was of Irish extraction, but we learn from his father that the family has existed for many generations at Steyning, in the Weald of Sussex, and that Tom himself was born at Pimlico, Brighton, on the 17th of May, 1826. His father, who was a shoemaker, devoted Tom to the business of a bricklayer, in which he continued till the age of three-and-twenty; not, however, without an occasional display of the ruling passion strong within him, in many a casual turn up with the denizens of the classic region of Pimlico, where he resided. About the age above mentioned, Tom left his native county for the metropolis, and among the natives of Islington and Camden Town became a great favorite. His love for athletic sports seems here to have displayed itself in full force; he was constantly to be seen at the Old Copenhagen Running Ground, but it was obvious to every one that his *forte* was not to be pedestrianism; he admired the sport, but his sympathies were evidently more with the fistic race, among whom he was quickly enrolled as one of themselves, and having intimated a desire to be initiated into the mysteries of pugilism, his friends were not long in finding a customer on whom to whet his maiden mawley. As caution was deemed a *sine qua non*, they did not fly at very high game, but selected one Couch as Tom's first chopping block, and with this individual, who has not been heard of since, Tom entered upon the scene of his future greatness on March 19, 1849, at Greenhithe. The *honorarium* on the occasion was the insignificant sum of £5, which was won by Tom in only 13 minutes, and in such style as to afford the highest satisfaction to his friends. It was considerably more than a year before Tom found another customer, the difficulty chiefly arising from the fact that he was not deemed sufficiently advanced to cope with success against the best men of his weight, while among those not at the top of the tree there was not one of sufficient hardihood to try the coming man. At length, however, Dan Collins, then head waiter at Tom Spring's, Castle, Holborn, was selected as a fair trial horse, and it was not long before a match was made, for £25 a side, at 10st., which came off at Edenbridge, Oct. 22, 1850. Nine rattling rounds were fought in 27 minutes, and it was thought that Dan, who was the taller and heavier man, had a slight advantage. The Blues, however, put in an appearance, and compelled a move to Redhill, where a gallant battle of 39 rounds was fought in one hour and 52 minutes, with pretty equal advantage as regards punishment, of which each had quite as much as was good for him, when darkness put an end to the contest. They did not meet again till April 29 in the following year, when the improved appearance of Tom, when he entered the ring, at once made him the favorite, a position fully justified by the result, as he won, notwithstanding a gallant struggle on the part of his opponent, with tolerable ease, in 44 rounds and 84 minutes. The result brought but little grist to Tom's mill, beyond fame, as, owing to numerous postponements, almost the whole stake was eaten up in expenses. Perhaps this impecuniary result may account for Tom's abstinence from pugilistic practice for fully another year. Early in 1852, however, the spirit again stirred him up, and this time he flew at rather higher game, selecting the gallant Jack Grant as his prey. He was laughed at for his temerity, but the result fully justified his confidence. The match was for £100 a side, and came off at Mildenhall on June 29, 1852. The fight could not be called a good one. Tom was instructed to exercise great caution, and Jack, soon finding that he had met his master at outfighting, therefore tried the rushing, struggling system, at which, too, he was foiled by the superior strength of the young one. The affair, therefore, after a few rounds, resolved itself almost entirely into a struggle at close quarters, which was anything but interesting. It was eventually won by Sayers in 64 rounds and 150 minutes. In the succeeding January we find Tom again at it for £50 a side, his opponent on this occasion being the comparatively unknown Jack Martin, imported from the country by Ben Caunt. Martin, who had no pretensions to aught but great powers of endurance and daring pluck, proved a miserable failure in the hands of our hero, who, in twenty-three rounds, occupying fifty-five minutes, reduced him to a state of perfect helplessness; in fact, for many rounds the game fellow came up only to be pushed down again and again, for Tom was too humane to exercise his superior power upon a helpless opponent. Tom was now destined for the first and only time to meet his master. He had long kept his eye on the Championship of the Middle Weights, then claimed by the scientific Nat Langham, and as it was known that Ould Nat's extreme industry in seeing the metropolitan gas extinguished had considerably detracted from his physical powers, it was thought a good thing for Sayers. They met for £100 a side at Lakenheath, on Oct. 18, 1853, at 11st. Nat, although with difficulty bringing himself within the stipulated amount, looked old, thin and haggard, while Tom, on the other hand, looked beefy, being at least 4lb heavier than he should have been. The encounter was of a most exciting and scientific nature. Nat, although standing over his man, and propping him occasionally with the most consummate judgment, still fell off weak to such an alarming degree, that over and over again his friends thought his chance was doomed; and the determined rushes of Sayers were of such a nature as to doubly increase their fears. Nat's caution, however, combined with rather more practical experience and superior length of arm, at length triumphed over Tom's more than usual stamina and desperate determination. As constant dropping wears a hole in a stone, so did constant popping change the color of Tom's optics. As round followed round they grew darker, the orifices grew smaller, and at length they were completely closed; and poor Tom, sorely against his will, was in the 61st round compelled to cry a go. Nat retained his title, and was enabled to retire unconquered. Tom endeavored to tempt him to another shy by every allurement he could think of; but Nat, whose business was prosperous and whose health was precarious, thought discretion the better part of valor, and having done enough for honor, took down his lamps and permitted Tom to walk over the course.

"Tom being now at the top of the tree at his weight, looked in vain for a customer; but at length, rather than remain idle, consented to fight George Sims, and stake £50 to £25; and, so far as milling went, Sims might as well have handed Tom his stake without a struggle, as he was knocked out of time in the handsomest manner, in four rounds, occupying 5 min, Tom being literally untouched. For two years after this Tom could not meet with a job, no one fancying him at the weight. There was some talk of a match with Paddock, at catch weight, the latter staking £100 to £100, but it came to nothing; and at length Sayers in despair matched himself, for £50 a side, against the formidable Harry Poulson. The fight came off Jan. 29, 1855, at Appledore. Here Master Tom had a very narrow squeak from a second defeat. He was as fat as a pig, and altogether out of health, having neglected his training, while Poulson, though much the older man, was fit as a fiddle. The fight lasted 3h 8min, and there were 109 rounds. Sayers was repeatedly reduced to a state of exhaustion, and resorted to the dropping system, by which tactics he more than once put himself within the pale of the law; the referee, fortunately for him, was lenient, however, and Tom, by blinding his adversary, was enabled to bring off the dearest victory he ever bought. He was very much punished, and was long before he shook off the effects of the battle, while Poulson, although blind, quickly recovered. Harry's friends grumbled much at the result, but we presume were satisfied that a new trial would not alter the verdict, as no motion was made to bring about a second meeting. It was a twelvemonth after this, viz., in January, 1857, that Tom first met Aaron Jones, who had so recently made two gallant struggles against Tom Paddock, and his performance on this occasion, although the fight was undecided, and Tom was dreadfully handled, was such as at once to stamp him the "coming man." The battle was resumed a month afterwards, when Tom, notwithstanding a game struggle on the part of Aaron, succeeded in gaining the victory. It was now that he apparently felt that his hour was come, and that the new champion's belt, then just completed, was within his reach. He at once issued a challenge to the old Tipton Slasher, who claimed the title of Champion, and that burly hero was nothing loth to defend his position, especially as the gorgeous belt, which could not be claimed without a fight, was, as he thought, well within his reach when opposed to such a shrimp as he deemed our hero. He was disappointed in this matter, however, and was defeated by Sayers in 10 rounds, occupying 102min, the little one being without a scratch.

Tom Paddock now thought to take the shine out of the new Champion, but ere half the money was down had to forfeit through illness, and Tom held his own without dispute until Bill Benjamin, an actual novice, had the audacity to try it on. He, as is well known, cut up very poorly indeed in three rounds and 6½ min. Tom Paddock, having now recovered, obtained his wished-for desire, and he and Sayers met for £150 a side, Paddock being unable to muster the other £50, on June 16, 1858. The battle throughout was in favor of Sayers. Paddock seemed out of all form, and had to succumb in 21 rounds and 80 min. Tom's next opponent was again Bill Benjamin, who thinking Nat Langham a better mentor than Harry Broome, who originally brought him out, placed himself under his charge, and he and Sayers met for the second time on April 5, 1858. Here Tom had another narrow escape; he treated his adversary too cavalierly, and anything but fit; consequently, for a few rounds, Benjamin, who had profited by his lessons, took extraordinary liberties, causing intense consternation among the admirers of the Champion, but at length Tom, finding no time was to be lost, went at him in his old form, determined to cut him down at once or perish in the attempt, and for a second time did Benjamin have to succumb, although, for his credit's sake, it must be admitted that on this occasion he took his gruel like a man. We next find our hero matched with Bretlle, but, as he staked £400 to £200, the belt was not included in the issue, and the match ended in the easiest of victories. It was just previous to this battle that a challenge had been sent from America on behalf of Aaron Jones to fight Tom for the belt, but after the event was over came another missive from New York stating that Aaron Jones had waived all claim to the belt in favor of the American Champion, John C. Heenan, whose representative sent £50 for Tom to cover. This the Champion lost no time in doing, and how the match progressed, and how gallantly the representatives of the two countries met at Farnborough on April 17, 1860, must be fresh in the mind of every reader of pugilistic history. The battle having been drawn, an agreement was come to that each should have a *fac simile* of the Belt, and that Sayers should give up all claim to the original, which was thus left for competition among minor heroes. As may be remembered, something like £3,000 was collected for him. This sum was placed by request of the subscribers in the hands of three gentlemen as trustees, to be invested for the benefit of Tom and his two children, the conditions being that, so long as he did not fight again, the interest should be paid to him, but if he re-entered the ring the whole should be devoted to the advancement of his children. This made Tom tolerably independent, but not liking to remain idle he purchased the circus of Messrs. Howes and Cushing, with which he for some time starred it in the provinces. For a short time the money rolled in space, but we regret to learn that at length the tables turned. Equestrianism became a drug in the market, and Tom's prison being in time well known throughout the country, he coming ceased to excite the same curiosity as heretofore, and his receipts began to fall off. He was sufficiently prudent to put up in good time, however, and selling all his stud, with the exception of his celebrated mules, Peter and Barney, he got out of his managerial speculation with less damage than might have been expected from one with such extremely limited ideas of business. Not only was the gallant fellow a loser in a pecuniary point of view, but there can be no doubt that in point of health he was a still greater sufferer. He was of far too jovial a disposition to resist temptations, and his constant exercise of his own hospitality to others, and his enjoyment of the returns of his friends, soon made inroads upon his naturally fine constitution. First of all his liver got out of order, and as this did not induce prudence on his part, other organs became affected, he gave way, had repeated attacks of illness, which became worse and worse, and eventually, on Wednesday, November 8th, he succumbed, as above stated, to a complication of diseases, the proximate cause of death being congestion of the lungs. Tom Sayers stood barely 5ft 8½in, and, as we have said above, at the commencement of his career weighed only 10st when in condition, a weight which gradually increased as he got older, until in his latest battles he was seldom much under 11st, although had he been brought to the scratch in perfect form he should have been at least 4lb lighter; this, however, was never the case, as whether from his propensity to make flesh or from an indisposition for hard work, he was, on late occasions, invariably too fleshy. He was a man who displayed but little outward development of muscle, especially upon his arms, and to the uninitiated his appearance generally was very deceptive. Close examination, however, showed a development about the shoulders and neck of most unusual character for a man of his size. His shoulder blades were remarkably large, and the muscles they sustained, although concealed by a general roundness of contour, fully accounted for the extraordinary power of hitting he possessed. It is somewhat extraordinary that among other advantages possessed by Tom, his hands never gave way, a fact that we can scarce call to mind among other men whose punishing powers have been called into play to a similar extent. Sayers may have had his equals in point of game, and he undoubtedly had his superiors in mere science, but no one has combined the two qualities in such a remarkable degree as did the departed hero, who, commencing his career at 10st, by his indomitable courage and resolution, and his perfect knowledge of "time," the essence of every contract in the milling world, coupled with the physical qualities above mentioned, won his way from the lowest scale of middle weights to the very topmost round of the ladder of pugilistic fame, and of whose honesty in his milling career there never was a scintilla of a doubt. The funeral of the ex-Champion was fixed to take place at Highgate Cemetery, Nov. 15. The whole management has been entrusted to Mr. Mousley, of 257 High street, Camden Town, one of Tom's staunchest friends, in whose house he ended his days."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

CHAS. C. BARNES.—Yours with $6 50 duly to hand, and books mailed; hope they reached you with safety and dispatch.

S. N WALKER and J. C. ROMEYN.—CLIPPER PROBLEM TOURNEY sent as per order.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.—We can condense several answers by stating that we have yet a few (probably six or eight packages) of those favorite blanks printed years ago, and known as "Miron's Blank Diagrams," which we will dispose of in packages of six dozen each, at $1, post paid.

O. A. BROWNSON, JR.—Accept our thanks for acceding to our wishes. At our earliest leisure we will examine the games and return them. Will notice in two or three weeks, and write—if possible.

E. H. C., Washington.—Thanks for the interesting catalogue. We've evidently got to have a "Reciprocity Treaty" with some of our correspondents; but the task is too great for us to enter upon, at present.

THE CHESS PLAYER'S MAGAZINE.—This, the prince of works of its class, continues to reach us regularly—all thanks to its proprietor and editor, Herr J. Loewenthal! It is most catholic in spirit, free from personalities; in short, replete with everything a C. P. M. should contain. Its ability in annotation was never equalled. Why, even the cynical Walker is wholly pleased with it.

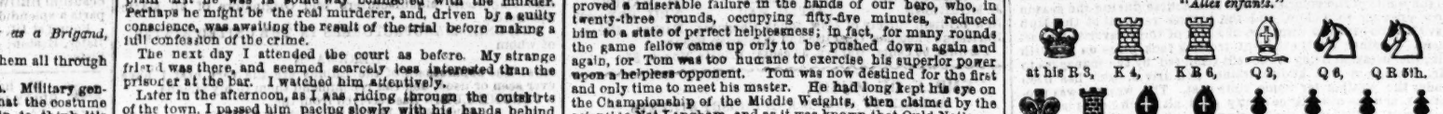
Enigma No. 508.

From the Era.

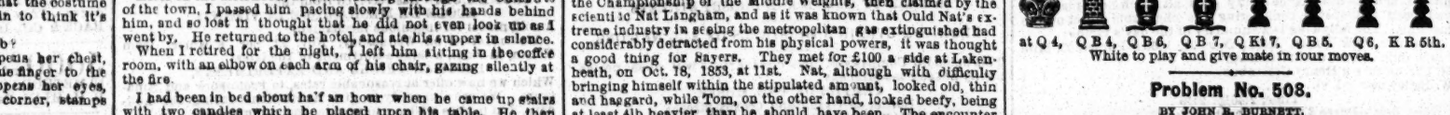
BY DR. CONRAD BAYER.

"We this week present our readers with a position of remarkable interest. This sett, contributed to the recent Paris Problem Tourney, worthily obtained the 2d prize. We are not surprised to learn that, in the opinion of the best judges, this problem is one of the finest which has been published for several years. Had the prize been awarded to the best single problem this must, undoubtedly, have proved successful."—*Loewenthal.*

"Allez enfants."



at his B 3, K 4, K B 6, Q 2, Q 6, Q B 5th.



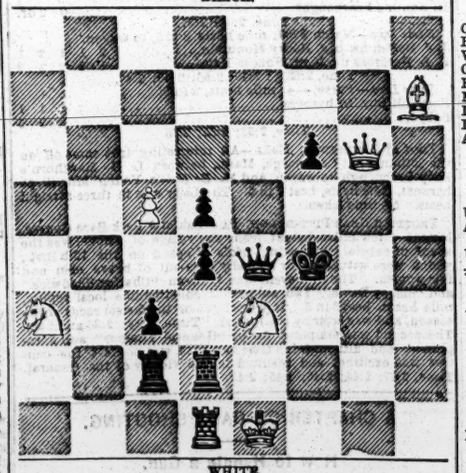
at Q 4, Q B 4, Q B 6, Q B 7, Q Kt 7, Q B 5, Q 6, K R 5th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 508.

BY JOHN B. BURNETT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 508.

Second of the Series.

Between the Rev. W. Wayte and the Rev. E. D. Rhodes.

KIESERITZKY GAMBIT.

Attack, Rev. W. Wayte.	Defence, Rev. E. D. Rhodes	Attack, Rev. W. Wayte.	Defence, Rev. E. D. Rhodes
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. Q B × P	K B × Kt
2. P-K B 4	K P × P	13. Q Isl P × B(b)	P-K Kt 6
3. K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	14. Q B-R 6 +	K-Kt sq (c)
4. P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	15. K R-B 3	Q-R 7 +
5. K Kt-K 5	K Kt-B 3	16. K-his B sq	Q-R 8 +
6. K B-B 4	P-Q 4	17. K-his 2	Q × Kt P +
7. K P × P	K B-Q 3	18. K-his 3	B-K Kt 5
8. P-Q 4	K Kt-R 4	19. K B × P (d)	K × K R
9. Q Kt-B 3	Q K 2	20. Q × Q B	Q-B 7 +
10. K R-Kt 5 +	K-his B sq(a)	21. K-Q 3, and the Defence resigns.	
11. Castles	Q × K B P		

(a) The point of departure. It is difficult to determine the best defence; whether equal to 10. Q B to B 2d, it is superior to K to Q sq.

(b) He might also have taken with B, thus:

13. Q B × B	P to Kt 6 (1)	17. K to B sq	Q to R 8 +
14. K R × P +	K × K R best	18. K-his 2	Q × Q B
15. Q-K B 3 +	K-his 2 (2)	19. Q × K Kt, with a winning position.	
16. Q B × R	Q-R 7 +		

(1) Here L. proves by elaborate variations, which we have not room to repeat, that 15. K Kt to B 3d, or K to his Kt 3d would be no better.

(2)

13.	If K R to Kt sq	16. R to B sq +	K to Kt sq
14. B × B P +	K × K B best	17. K B-K 8, with an irresistible attack.	
15. Q-her 3	B-Kt 3 (3)		

(3) For if P to Kt 6th, the Attack mates in six moves—a really fine problem.

(c) Mr. Rhodes here missed an excellent opportunity of improving his game, *e. g.*:

14.	K Kt-his 2 (4)	18. K to his B sq	Q to R 8 +
15. Q B × Kt +	K × Q B	19. K-his 2	Q × Kt P +
16. K R-B 3	Q B-Kt 5	20. K-his 3	Q × B + ,
17. Q Kt-K 4	Q-R 7 +	and has, certainly, the better game.	

(4) This variation occurred in actual play, Rev. W. Wayte conducting the Defence vs. Herr Steinitz.

(d) This ing

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City Summary.

MONDAY, Nov. 27, 1865.

WE HAVE had a fresh star in our midst, one who has "taken the rag off the bush," in the way of drawing big crowds, and General Grant's his name. He made his appearance before a refined and select, but overcrowded audience, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on Monday evening, Nov. 20th, under the management of one Stewart, of the big muslin store, and one more known as Wetmore, of Prosper notoriety, assisted by a number of general utility people or more or less—probably less—renown in warlike circles. The General, not being quite so tall as the majority of the tall crowd assembled to see him, was placed on a raised platform, visible to everybody in the "most remotest" part of the house. The audience was promiscuous-like; at one time they looked like heavy villains, then again like warriors bold—now they are pretty waiter girls, now models of nude designs—anon they assume the form and consistency of respectable people with a proviso; again they loom up largely as gentlemanly and indefatigable members of our first families; now they appear like a vast assemblage of half-naked women, the observed of all observers; and lo! behold ye meek trainer of ye youthful mind with ye humble bevy of ye docile creatures in attendance on ye peart minder. Ah! it must have been a lobby show to the General who, being a little elevated, (no, we *don't* mean tight,) could see more of what was passing before and beneath him than ye transient spectator. It was the most unmannered crowd we ever got mixed up in, worse than a crowd of innocents at a dog dispute, or of lambs at a prize fight. The "original subscribers" were treated as scurvily as yours truly—there was pushing and shoving and cursing and groaning; so badly did this select assemblage behave to the star of the evening, that they actually gave him the shake and hurried off to the hash room, where the grab game was introduced, and it was not a rare thing to witness an unblushing damsel show a leg or a breast—of turkey to the masculine sex, and boast of the skill displayed in the capture—if the joke had not been worn to the bone we should call it a foul proceeding. If the crush was fearful in the reception room, it was a jam in the parlors devoted to hash eaters. Some of the hungry guests were turned away unable to get a sight of the groaning tables. Some anxious inquirers, in their first smell of the eats, sang in the exuberance of their feelings, "This is the way I long have sought, and mourned because I found it not." They are still mourning. Some of us, rather *elitier* than the general run of *elite* society, had private hash rooms expressly provided for our entertainment. General Grant was cruelly tortured—his fingers became so cramped in the vice which the virtuous hand shakers confined them in, that they have been useless ever since; yet still they shook, and still the wonder grew that one small hand should shake that big crowd through. (A man named Goldsmith once wrote something similar to this pretty little conceit, but his lines were only altered and adapted from ours—those old timers were dreadful plagiarists.—ED. CLIP.) Seriously though, this metropolitan reception was a metropolitan failure, unsatisfactory to all who participated in it. A number of moneyed men wanted to give the General a "select" reception, and they did not have the least idea how to go about it—they had the cash, but lacked the brains; the result was, a farce, in which the moneyed men played the funny business, and their guests were made their dupes. Money was the dominant idea at this exclusive show—every one present seemed anxious to convey the impression that he or she was a millionaire; there was little or no sincerity in the professed friendship for the leader of our armies; should some unforseen calamity occur by which the General might be reduced to his former humble position in life, how many of the "original subscribers" to this grand reception would be original subscribers to a fund to help him along in the world? Where would these "friends" be then, good people, oh, where would these friends be then? We'll make a bit of poetry on the subject of

FRIENDS VERSUS MONEY.

You may all talk of friends as much as you like,
But he who trusts to them is an unlucky wight;
You may count them by scores when you've money to spend,
But wait till you're "broke," *then* "how are you friends?"

Experience, we're told, is a very good teacher,
And experience has taught us that money's the feature;
You may call it vile dross, but on it depends
Your own future prospects, and also your friends.

If humbly attired for a position you go,
You're quickly informed, "we can't give you a show;"
If you ask for the reason they'll sneeringly smile,
And say, "'tis because you have'nt the style."

But if fashionably dressed, ah! *that* is sufficient,
Although in much learning you may be deficient—
You're "accomplished," "genteel," no matter how vile,
Because you've the requisites, "money and style."

As you go through the world bear this fact in mind,
To treat every one well, and pleasure you'll find;
Do good where you can, and no one revile—
'Twill make you more happy than "money or style."

.....Notwithstanding a preponderance of bad weather since our last, in which hail, and rain, and wind played the most conspicuous parts, our many places of public resort did a very encouraging business. True, that people will turn out in all sorts of weather, and repair to the theatres, minstrel halls, circus, etc., because, to a certain extent, they find enjoyment there which is denied them at home. Our boarding houses are not calculated to keep a young man or young woman in o' nights; some of these places have no parlor or sitting room for their boarders, so that if a body goes not out, a body must bundle in to bed; some that have parlors have no fires therein, and the lights are put out before ten o'clock. Very few of our boarding houses possess "the comforts of a home," so enticingly announced in their advertisements. Girls have to rough it more than the men—they are stowed away under the eaves, in dark closets, and all kinds of cubby holes. Is it any wonder that we have so many of them "on the town?" Denied comforts at "home," they seek the companionship of those who *have* comfortable quarters, provided for them by "friends," and "another soul is lost," as some curious writer phrases it. Men who do not care for theatres, or such resorts, pass their evenings at porter houses, beer saloons, restaurants, and gambling houses. But of late years the theatre is their chief point of attraction, and that is one reason for the extraordinary business now doing by our places of amusement. An evening can be passed there very pleasantly, and no harm done; but it is mighty hard to get through an evening at one's boarding house, unless one is in with the landlady's daughter, in which case one can toast his feet at the kitchen fire, and have his hash kept warm for him .... Two new places are now in operation, viz: George Christy's Opera House, near Fifth avenue, and the New National Circus, in the Bowery. If Bennett will only let them alone, we see no reason why they should not prosper; but as he is likely to befuff them, we fear for their existence.

MR. CHANFRAU is doing with "Sam" what John Owens did with Solon Shingle—he is making it so popular that he will be able to play it with success wherever he goes. Southern is Dundeary, Owens is Solon, but Chanfrau is Sam. Go to the Broadway if you wish to see a clever bit of acting.

"LOST IN LONDON," a five-act drama by Watts Phillips, was produced at Wallack's Theatre on the 23d inst., to a very crowded auditory. Mr. J. W. Wallack made his appearance as a member of the company in the leading *role*. This same piece was produced at Laura Keene's Theatre March 23, 1864, and was called "Jessie McLane," but was, comparatively speaking, a failure, as it was withdrawn after the second week. At Laura Keene's the cast was as follows:—John McLane, C. Wheatleigh; Jessie, Laura Keene; Arthur Marsden, C. Walcott, Jr.; Betsy, Mrs. Robertson; and Marker, C. Peters. It was so localized as to have the action of the play occur in Pittsburgh, Pa., and this city. But the original piece had been so mutilated that the idea of the author was entirely destroyed. At Wallack's the piece is played just as it was written, without any alterations, and the scene is laid in Cornwall and London, Eng. It is of the "Camille" school, and as the plot turns upon the seduction of a wife by a rich chap from "Lunnun" from her humble yet happy home, and as she finally ends her days cast upon the world with scarcely a pound, it is just suited to the times, as all such pieces, whether represented at the theatre or in the opera house, are sure of drawing large crowds, and, strange to say, the ladies turn out on such occasions and sanction the reproduction of such pieces by their presence. Why, then, should the managers be blamed for their eagerness to get hold of such delicate morsels of pieces relating to the commission of adultery or seduction, when the "ladies" will help to crowd the theatre as is the case at Wallack's. At Wallack's the scenery is good but by no means equal to that as seen at Laura Keene's. Neither is the piece as well acted as at the last place. Mr. Wallack did not seem to like his character at all, for his impersonation was anything but a satisfactory one. Whilst he is clever in many characters, he is not free from fault. He is not as careful as he should be, for at times he degenerates into mannerisms, which, although they may be glossed over with a species of naturalness, are not consonant with the characters portrayed. With care he can hit the *just medium*, for he is an actor of taste and education. We therefore hope to see him rid himself of a species of physical distortion, a semi-unhinging of the body he too frequently indulges in. Miss Henriques acted with such truthfulness to nature as to make the scene between her and her husband, as well as the final scene of the piece, as fearful as it is deeply impressive. Fanny Morant had a good character and it received justice at her hands. Mr. Fisher had a character just suited him, and he acted it capitally. The piece was played again on the 24th to a densely crowded house.

AN ENTERTAINMENT has at last been found that can attract large audiences to the Old Varieties in the Bowery, but which is now known as the National Circus. Mr. Montpelier, after an unsuccessful attempt to run a good variety theatre there to a paying business, closed up, and after some alterations re-opened on the 20th, with an equestrian company, inaugurating a sawdust season with the most encouraging results, the house being very crowded that night. The following night, notwithstanding the bad weather, another good house was in attendance, and at the *matinee* on Wednesday there was another full audience. On Wednesday evening we attended and the house was well filled in despite of the rainy weather. The two upper tiers were crowded, the dress circle was comfortably full, and what there is left of the parquet was filled. A ring has been built upon the stage, and the flooring of the parquet raised within a foot of the top of the stage, so that those in the parquet can see what is going on in the ring. Of course this makes the parquet very small, as it only runs back to the boxes. The company engaged is fair to middling, and they give an entertainment which seems to please the frequenters of that establishment. A few are clever but the majority are only third rate. There are four persons whose names are on the bills to play clown, but we never should have known that that was their business after having seen them, had we not been so informed. Sam Long is pretty good and sings a song in capital style, but the idea of Mr. Covelli playing clown seems an absurd one, for what little wit he is guilty of he does in a manner that falls upon the audience like a wet blanket. This gentleman has certainly mistaken his vocation. Bobby Williams has become too old to be funny, so he is excused from failing to make us laugh. John Lowlow may have caused the country audiences to laugh, but he is not the Chesterfield of the saw-dust profession. St. Baldwin does two good juggling acts. Silas is one of the best in the business. Luke Rivers is a clever gymnast, but he should never attempt to play the act called "Pete Jenkins" to an audience that has seen Charley Sherwood play it. Billy Odell makes a good ring master and rides a good sailor act. Jake Showles' mules create lots of fun for the boys. Business has been first-rate since the opening, and if manager Montpelier would engage a first class company, which he has LOT now by any means, there is no reason why he should not do a big business all through the holidays and during the winter season. Circus is just what the east side wants, and a good company they will patronise.

MR. FORREST appeared on the 20th at Niblo's, in "Othello," to one of the largest audiences we ever saw in any theatre in this country. There are few, if any, actors upon the stage, we presume, who could play the part with so much force. Still Mr. Forrest does not rant even in the most impassioned scenes; he is remarkably subdued, but never becomes tame. The performance is marked by fine artistic touches, which evince deep study. The speech before the Senate was admirably delivered; there was a manliness in the manner, with an occasional touch of tenderness when alluding to Desdemona, which rendered it one of the most effective pieces of declamation ever listened to. The great scene with Iago was admirably played; the different phases of passion were given with a consummate knowledge of art, and the climax was perfectly worked up. His "farewell," ending with "Othello's occupation's gone," and his moments of tenderness in the last act, were capital. Mr. McCullough's Iago is a great, a wonderful creation. He seems to have an intuitive affinity with the whole undercurrent of the character, and renders it with a natural consistency which is the perfection of histrionic art. He is the finished practised villain, ever on his guard to keep the least feature of his scheming mind from betraying itself through or under its artful mask of rigid honesty. Mrs. Agnes Perry, as Desdemona, was truly "the gentle lady married to the Moor." On the 23d, "Virginius" was given with Forrest as Virginius, and he deserves warm and sincere commendation. We never saw Mr. Forrest to better advantage, for he seemed to forget his own greatness in the greatness of Virginius. He made himself subordinate to the part, and looked noble in the second act than he did in the first. It is charming to see an artist like Forrest think more of his art than himself, and even where a little vanity is evident, to have him with gentle candor solicit sympathy, rather than command admiration. In Virginius he revealed his wonderful passion with unusual purity and intensity. There was little adulteration of art; a pervading spirit of sincerity animated equally all the situations. Mr. Forrest has evidently paid great attention to the characterization of this *role*. In his appearance he has been particular to a nicety; disregarding personal attractions, with classical minuteness the dress and features he assumes in this character, bear, perhaps, the closest resemblance to a Roman Centurian that has been exhibited by any actor of modern days. His scene with Virginia, in the second act, was a master piece of acting. So natural and so affectionate, as he displays the emotions of fatherly fondness and martial energy, he was brilliant—astonishing. In the fourth act, first scene, where he rushes in to his daughter, he was truly great—his every look and action teemed with voluptuous tenderness—he *held* her to him—she was his alone and he rioted in a father's joy—none would dare to tear her from *his* arms. In the forum, he rose to his greatness—he was the father pleading his own cause; divested of all cold declamation—his eloquence was the eloquence of nature—full and unconstrained. When, after he found but one way was left to secure his Virginia from pollution, and he sought after the means to complete his purpose, there was a mighty dignity in his manner that almost petrified the spectator—it was the Roman father sacrificing his daughter. Mr. Forrest manifested true classic taste and observance of his author in slaying Virginia with a knife, caught up from a butcher's stall, and in strangling Appius Claudius *behind* the scenes. We have ever considered it as very revolting to the audience to see it done on the stage. Cooper, the great tragedian of his day, always did the strangling before the audience, but Macready, who considered Virginius one of his best *roles*, did it behind the scenes, and he had the author for so doing. Mrs. Agnes Perry played Virginia with all that modest reserve that is identified with the part. Her voice is sweet and full of pathos. Mr. McCullough as Icilius exhibited some good points, and played the character to the satisfaction of all. Mrs. Farren was also excellent as Servia. What little she had to do was done well. So far Mr. Forrest's engagement has been one of the most brilliant he *ever* fulfilled in this or any other city, and he never acted with more good taste and judgment than now.

ARRIVED.—Charles Dillon arrived in this city on the 19th inst., after an extended tour through California, Australia, etc. He is anxious to get an opening in this city. His performance of Belphegor has never been equaled in this, and we doubt, if in any other country.

THE VINCENT WALLACE CONCERT, from present appearances, promises to be a very impressive affair. The committee have resolved to engage over *one hundred* orchestral performers, and to compose the programme from the works of the late composer only, with the exception of "Beethoven's Funeral March" from the "Eroica," which will be played at the beginning of the concert. The concert will take place on Dec 14, at the Academy of Music, and we understand it has been foolishly suggested to drape the house in mourning. If the committee is wise it will do no such thing.

MULTUM IN PARVO.—Barnum inaugurated a season of Circus at his New Museum on the afternoon of the 20th inst., to a very crowded audience, among whom were a very large number of professionals. In the evening we were present. The entertainment commenced with the drama of "The Cross of Gold," which was well performed. This was followed by the exhibition of the living curiosities before the curtain, also the singing of W. B. Harrison. Mr. Harrison is very popular at this establishment, particularly by improvising a song which is replete with hits on the times. As soon as the curtain descends on the drama the carpenters commence taking up the stage and preparing the ring, and continue so during the exhibition of the living curiosities and the singing of Harrison. The time occupied is just twelve minutes. The circus performances consisted of a bare-back act of equestrianism by Mad. Virginia Sherwood, a juggling act by Eaton Stone, a principal bare back act of horsemanship by Eaton Stone, Charley Sherwood's act of "Pete Jenkins," a ballad by a young lady, and a principal act by a young lady. Mr. John Foster played clown, but he did not seem to play with that freedom that was his wont. We have seen Foster play a good act, and create considerable fun, but he was far from it on Monday night. Perhaps he has since loosened himself, and is doing better now; at least we hope so, for the sake of the audience. Eaton Stone rode a capital act. Mr. Stone is an actor of great merit; he first appeared in this city thirty-five years ago, to the great astonishment and delight of the good people of that period. He was then considered a prodigy, but if our fathers could see him in these days they would cease to regard with wonder the feats which he then performed, and would join with the people of this generation in admiration of his remarkable accomplishments, and in according to him a high position in the line of his profession. Mr. Sherwood is another old favorite, and as old as his act of "Pete Jenkins" is, it pleases as well now as it did years ago. As performed by him, it is really laughable. Although the company engaged here is very small, they nevertheless give a good show, and a little of a good thing is preferrable to a quantity of poor stuff.

"HOUSE FULL" was the cry at 444 on Saturday evening last, long before the curtain had been rung up for the first act. Hundreds applied at the box office during the evening and had to go away without seeing the show. The entertainment given here is, of its kind, one of the best in the country. Thompson and Kerns, as negro comedians, have very few if any equals. Billy Holmes is a good comic singer, and Kathleen O'Neil's Irish songs were just the style to suit the audiences.

JOHN S. CLARKE appeared at the Winter Garden last week, in "The Ticket of Leave Man," to a good run of houses. As his engagement is but for a short time longer, and wishing to appear in other *roles*, he brings out this evening "The Octoroon," in which he plays Salem Scudder. Rose Eytinge appears as Zoe, John Dyott as McClosky, H. Bland as Sunnyside, and pretty Mrs. Walcot as Dora.

W. H. LEWIS, now known as Henry Rice, joined the San Francisco Minstrels last week, and appeared in his great burlesque *prima donna* act, in which his make up and acting are excellent. He is capitally supported by Mr. Wambold. If our readers wish to enjoy a good laugh let them see Rice as Pickled Hominy, and Wambold as Trihoorick Smearkase. The hall is crowded every night and the company seems to please all. A *matinee* will be given on Thanksgiving day.

J. B. STUDLEY, after a trip to California and South America, returned to this city on the 21d inst., via Greytown.

A NEW ARRIVAL.—George Fawcett Rowe, a comedian from the Australian theatres, arrived in this city last week with Mr. Chas. Dillon, and has been engaged at one of our Broadway theatres.

"SAM" is still kept in the affections of the theatrical going public, and he does not seem to slack off in the least. He will continue to make our country cousins laugh at the Broadway until January the 6th, when he packs up for the Eastern States, appearing in the principal cities along the New Haven and Boston road. One evening last week the visiting Philadelphia Fire Company had a look at Sam.

BUSINESS was good last week with the managers of the Pastor Opera House in the Bowery. Billy Reeve, from Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, put in an appearance, and in his negro acts, as well as in the farces made quite a hit. He is a very clever performer. Blanche Stanley and Carrie Byron continue in the vocal department, and Master Barry is as happy as ever in a song and dance. Zanfretta does an excellent act on the tight rope. There is no better performer on the rope in this country than Marietta Zanfretta. This week all the above named artists remain, and a new comic pantomime called "Frizzori" is performed. Ghirlski also appears on the slack wire, and Willis Armstrong is the stage manager.

HARRY LESLIE closed a six nights engagement at the New Bowery on the 25th inst. His rope ascension from the stage to the gallery was a big thing for the Bowery boys, who seemed to like it very much.

"PEEP O'DAY" is brought out this evening at the New Bowery, with Grisdale as Kavanagh, and Mrs. Jones as Kathleen Kavanagh.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY in the Wood," and *the* Wood in the Sleeping Beauty, are drawing excellent houses to the Olympic, but this beautiful spectacle must be withdrawn after this week, as Mr. E. L. Davenport has been engaged to appear in the spectacle of "Monte Cristo," which is announced for production on Monday next, Dec. 4th.

"ARRAH NA POGUE" is drawing good houses to Niblo's Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

LARGE AUDIENCES and smiling faces continue to leave Bryants' Hall every evening. This evening Little Mac puts in an appearance, after an absence of nearly two years. Dan Bryant's actor the "Live Injin" is full of fun, and enough to make you lose every button from your vest.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS, on Fourteenth Street, gathers them in every night in large crowds. The *matinees* on Wednesday and Saturday are also largely attended, and on several occasions large numbers have been turned away unable to get inside the building. The company is one of the best that has appeared in this city for years, including the graceful equestrienne Mac. Tourniaire, and a host of others. This lady's riding is the admiration of all. Wm. Conrad's bottle feat is one of the most pleasing acts put in the ring. The Delevanti Brothers are good gymnasts, as are C. Madigan and Donovan.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS announce the burlesque of the "Managers' Triumph" which has proved so successful, for one week longer, when it will be withdrawn for the new sketch called a "Fair Fenian Fight for Freedom" which is said to be gotten up in good style, with new scenery, etc., and is spoken of by one who ought to know as a well written piece. That clever act called "Talent Appreciated" is on the bills this week, with Purdy and Budworth as the principals. Budworth will do his imitations of Brignoli and other celebrities. Business continues good at this popular hall of minstrelsy.

GEORGE CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS open their New Opera House in this city on the 30th inst.

THORP AND OVERIN'S MINSTRELS, a new organization, commence at the Church, corner of Grand and Crosby streets, this evening. The company will represent all the nations and will be clad in their respective national costumes. They have fitted the hall up in pretty good style, and, if business warrants, intend to locate there permanently.

THE NEW YORK MINSTRELS, consisting of seventeen performers, start this week for the New England States, preparatory to their annual tour to the West. Among the company are L. M. Reese, I. D. Roome, Will. Pierce, Dave Worden, Mr. Bishop, Goff, and many others well known in the profession. Charles G. Clarke is the Manager.

THE MUSICAL UNION held a meeting this afternoon in the Bowery, for the purpose of devising some means whereby they could have a representation in the Workingmen's Union. Mr. Downing, as chairman of the Conference Committee, reported that they had waited on the Workingmen's Union, and had been well received. They were in favor of the musicians joining the Union. He said that it would only cost a few dollars, and thought it would be advisable for them to appoint five delegates to join the Union, and be known as the representatives of the Workingmen's Union. Carried. Messrs. Robertson, Downing, Tissington and Wallace were appointed as the delegates to the Union. A gentleman stated that there would be a large mass meeting of the workingmen at the Cooper Institute on the 8th of December next, and hoped that all would be on hand to form a monster band, numbering over 80 pieces, to play for them on that evening, their services to be given for the good of the cause.

Dramatic.

ZOE played a two weeks good business at Old Drury, Louisville, and left on the 26th for New Orleans, where, no doubt, she will captivate the gay and festive young cusses of the Crescent City. Our correspondent says:—"She appeared in her usual round of parts, 'French Spy,' 'Esmeralda,' 'Dumb Girl of Genoa,' etc., adding to them this time, 'The Angel of Midnight,' and 'Massaniello.' She looked very pretty as the Angel, and created quite a furore among the susceptible young gents of the 'Falls City.' In the Angel piece Mr. Keller was very funny as Dr. Rousbach and Cupid, as was also Mr. Herndon as Fritz. Mr. Wm. Harris gave a fine impersonation of the Baron De Lambeck. This gentleman is a great favorite, and is improving rapidly. Mr. Claude Hamilton, as Dr. Paul Bernarr, added new laurels to his already excellent reputation.....Ettie Henderson opens on the 20th..... At Woods, Miss Hight has played the past week to rather indifferent business. This last week 'Peep O' Day' has run the week, with the exception of her benefit, on the 18th, when she played 'Esmeralda.' Zoe played the same piece for her benefit.....The company from Wood's go over to New Albany this (last) week, and Sharpley's Minstrels occupy the theatre."

J. B. ROBERTS is spoken of as follows by the *Transcript* of Nov. 18th, of Peoria, Ill., where he is at present performing a fine engagement:—"*The Theatre.*—We but repeat the universal opinion of all present at the theatre last night, when we say that it was worthy of all praise. That hall has seen some good acting, but never any better than the play of Macbeth last evening. We liked Mr. Roberts in Othello, but as Macbeth he has surpassed our expectations. That soliloquy in the dagger scene has been spouted by every schoolboy until, in ordinary hands, and as it is generally delivered, it falls dead on the ears of the audience; but as rendered by Mr. Roberts last evening it was as effective a piece of reading as we ever heard, and enchained the audience from the beginning to the end. His scene at the banquet, and after the murder of Duncan, was masterly. The expression of his face, the horrible look in his eyes, the action as of one wrung by mental torture, were all vivid, and fully brought out in the idea of Shakespeare."

MRS. WALLER is highly spoken of by a correspondent for her excellent rendition of the difficult characters of Hamlet, Lady Macbeth and the Duchess of Malfi, while performing lately at the Milwaukee (Wis.) Theatre.

THE FRANKLIN THEATRE, Franklin, Pa., was announced to open on Nov. 19th, with Leon De Berger as manager, and the following company:—Harry Rhynar, E. V. Gregory, E. Clarke, J. D. Bryan, Charles Whalley, Gerald Fitzgerald, T. Murray, F. B. Harris, T. Adams, T. W. Oldfield, Kate Rynar, Lottie Clifford, Augusta Blake, Virginia Richmond, Maggie De Lemoin, and Mrs. T. W. Oldfield. "The Lady of Lyons" and "A Kiss in the Dark" were to be the opening pieces. Stars are wanted by the manager.

THE POTTER TROUPE were announced to open at the Academy of Music, Salt Lake City, on Nov. 9th.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE commenced an engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, on the 20th ult., opening in "Born to Good Luck," the "Young Actress," and "The Returned Volunteer." Our correspondent, "Nemo," writing on the 23d, says:—"They were welcomed by a crowded house, and enthusiastic applause greeted them when they appeared before the footlights. These *artistes* are great favorites in the Smoky City and always do a big business. On the 21st, they appeared in 'Handy Andy' and the 'Young Actress' to a crowded house, and everything passed off very pleasantly. Up to the present date their engagement has proved to be one of the most brilliant played by any star or stars in the Opera House, and as they are engaged for next week, they will no doubt do a big business. The 'Streets of New York' is given for a *matinee* on the 25th, and the Florences have in preparation the drama of 'The Ticket of Leave Man.'"

JULIA DEAN HAYNE appeared in "Evadne" at the Salt Lake Theatre on Nov. 8th.

OF DAYTON, OHIO, theatricals, a correspondent writing on Nov. 20th, says:—"A tolerably good stock company has been playing here during the summer and fall, with reasonable success. The darkness has been occasionally penetrated by a 'wandering star,' but we have had few celebrities. Among those celebrities who have visited us are Madame Scheller, Kitty Blanchard and Alice Kingsbury. Madame Scheller is playing to good houses, but she is indifferently supported by the stock company. Among the stock, W. M. Holland has rendered himself a great favorite. He is an actor who dares to be natural, generally eschewing rant and extravagant acting of all kinds; he is nevertheless, when occasion requires, tragically in earnest. Actors in this vicinity who do not overstep 'the modesty of nature' are rare indeed. Our magnificent opera house will soon be opened, and we are promised Forrest and a host of stars, when, no doubt, the theatrical firmament will become luminous."

LAURA KEENE will be followed at the St. Charles, New Orleans, by the Keans and then the Ravels.

MRS. HENRY LINDEN commenced an engagement at the Leavenworth, Kansas, Theatre, on Nov. 20th, opening in "Evadne" and the "Serious Family."

SHERRY AND HARRISON'S dramatic company closed their season in Reading, Pa., on Nov. 23d. They opened on the 9th of Nov., and, says a correspondent: "they have performed every night to crowded houses. The papers state that no company has ever been here that has done the business they have been doing. They open in Pottsville on the 27th."

OUR WASHINGTON correspondent "Americus," writing on Nov 23d, says:—"If possible there has been a greater interest manifested in theatricals during the past week than since the season commenced. Two events have happened at Grover's worth chronicling, Mr. Frank Lawlor's benefit and the appearance of the tragedian, Murdoch. Mr. Lawlor received a benefit on the 17th, such as only actors of merit receive, and it must be a source of great pride and gratification to him to know that his efforts are so appreciated by all. The house was filled to overflowing. The play was 'Hamlet,' and Lawlor as the melancholy hero succeeded admirably. But his support was rather poor. The Ghost of Mr. Chaplin was a poor personation, much to the amazement of his many friends, for in previous efforts Mr. C. has won many. Mr. B. L. Smith, a new member, to whose care the part of Horatio was given, made a very poor show. The King in the hands of Mr. A. W. Fenno was well portrayed, as was the Queen by Miss Walters. Mrs. Jordan, as Ophelia, gave us some very fine acting. The Laertes of Mr. Bangs and Polonius of Philips were excellent. After the play Mr. Lawlor was called before the curtain and made a neat and appropriate speech. The entertainment was concluded by a recitation of 'Shamus O'Brien' by Mr. Lawlor. Each one of the audience was presented with a well printed copy of this poem. On the 20th Mr. James E. Murdoch made his first appearance as Rover in 'Wild Oats.' Although the weather was very inauspicious, the house was jammed. Mr. Murdoch was welcomed in the most uproarious manner. The play passed off well, the support by the company being excellent. Messrs. Bangs and Spackman as John Dory and Sir George Thunder, especially rendering most effective aid. On the 21st 'Hamlet' was produced, Mr. Murdoch's rendition being most excellent, Mr. Lawlor, as the Ghost, making a decided hit. Mr. Chaplin succeeded admirably as Horatio. With these exceptions the cast was the same as on the 17th. On this evening as on the previous one, Mr. Murdoch was called out and made expression of thanks for the manner in which he was received. On the 22d the 'School for Scandal' was produced, Mr. Murdoch as Chas. Surface. For to-night 'The Stranger' is announced."

THE MONTGOMERY, ALA., THEATRE, closed on Nov. 14th, the season having ended. It is said Mr. Bates will re-open it when the circuses get through.

RICHMOND, VA., is to have a new Opera House. A number of prominent citizens are said to be interested in the scheme. A new house is to be built—small but well appointed—so that the lovers of music will have a pleasant and refined place of resort, and an opportunity of hearing, occasionally, the great artists of music. There can be no doubt that such a house would succeed. There is a large theatre-going population there, or rather, a population who would go to the theatre if the standard of taste and purity were higher. It is earnestly to be hoped that the project may succeed; and there is no doubt that it will pay the management well, and be at the same time an ornament and attraction to the city. The fact is Richmond did not see much fun or hear much music for about five years, and it wants a little now. In connection with the establishment we learn that it is highly probable that Mr. George Knubel, well and favorably known as the manager of the Marshall Theatre, in that city, about five or six years ago, will have the management of it. Mr. Knubel is now in Richmond, and should he effect any arrangement, either for the lease of the present theatre or the new Opera House about to be built, the public will have a guarantee of first-class performances.

ACTORS' PROTECTIVE UNION.—An actors' protective union for the advancement of the theatrical profession generally as an art, and place an actor in the station he should hold in the eyes of the world, and to regulate all differences which may arise between members and managers, is about being formed in Philadelphia. The following gentlemen have been appointed a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws, and get the names of all the actors who are willing to support it: Messrs. Charles Porter, Owen Marlowe, George R. Griffiths, F. MacKay, James M. Ward, C. M. Lewis, A. S. Pennoyer, S. Hemple and George W. Johnston. Should this proposed organization meet with favor, and succeed in attaining the ends desired, it is probable that similar associations will be formed in all of the principal cities.

JOHN BROUGHAM'S reappearance in Philadelphia, after several years residence in England, has attracted a succession of large audiences to the Walnut Street Theatre, where he commenced an engagement on the 20th November, on which occasion the welcome extended him was as cordial and enthusiastic as that given him recently in New York. His own comedy, "Playing with Fire," which was performed every night during the week, was favorably received by the public, and well spoken of by the press of the Quaker City. Mr. Brougham's engagement will doubtless prove to be one of the most brilliant ever played at that theatre.

J. B. ROBERTS, who has been performing to excellent business at Howard's Theatre, Peoria, Ill., remains there four weeks longer, and opens in Philadelphia at the Walnut, on Christmas night, with "Faust and Marguerite." Managers wishing to secure Mr. Roberts for star engagements will find his address in another column.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Evansville, Ind., is reported as having been doing a pretty good business of late. Bella Golden appeared as Little Barefoot on the 20th ult. to an excellent house. On the 21st C. W. Couldock and daughter commenced an engagement.

LAURA KEENE closed her engagement in Nashville on Nov. 18th, and opened in Memphis on the 20th.

THE ZAVISTOWSKI TROUPE having become great favorites in Nashville, were re-engaged for another week, commencing on Nov. 20th.

JOHN E. MCDONOUGH opened at the New Nashville Theatre on Nov. 20th with "Arrah Na Pogue."

THE WEBB SISTERS commenced at the Old Nashville Theatre on Nov. 20th.

A FIRST CLASS PROMPTER is advertized for in this issue of the CLIPPER by Manager J. M. Trimble, of Albany.

HARRY LESLIE, the intrepid rope walker, who has frequently crossed Niagara's cataract in all sorts of ways, can be engaged for seasons of six or twelve nights by addressing his agent as per advertisement in another column.

NEW ORLEANS theatricals are spoken of by our correspondent, "Laertes," under date of Nov. 11th, as follows:—"Ben de Bar's engagement at the St. Charles terminated on the 4th inst., on which occasion he appeared as Bluskin, a character in which he has few equals on the American stage. On the 6th, Mr. E. Eddy commenced an engagement as 'Hamlet,' supported by Charles Pope as the Ghost, Dolly Davenport as Laertes, and Miss Henrietta Irving as the Queen. He has also appeared as 'Damon,' 'Claude Melnotte,' 'King Lear,' and last night for his benefit as 'Macbeth,' in all of which he has been most excellently supported by Messrs. Pope, Davenport, Whiting, Williams, and Misses Henrietta Irving and Amy Stone. A grand romantic drama is in active preparation.....Miss Matilda Heron brought her engagement to a close at the Varieties on the 4th inst. On the 6th the stock company played 'Our American Cousin,' with an indifferent cast. On the 9th 'Arrah na Pogue' was produced with the following excellent cast: Shaun, W. R. Floyd; Col. O'Grady, B. Macauley; Michael Feeny, Lewis Baker; Beamish McCoul, J. F. Hagan; Winterbottom, W. Fisher; the Secretary, J. S. Curran; Major Coffin, N. T. Davenport; Arrah Meelish, Mrs. Chanfrau; Fanny Power, Miss C. Adams, and Katty Welsh, Mrs. Leighton. The management deserve great praise for the manner in which they placed the piece upon the stage. The scenery is the most beautiful that ever dropped from the magic pencil of Mons. Develle, while the costumes and other stage appointments are the most superior of their kind. Add to this the faultless acting of the company and it is decidedly the greatest success of the season. It is still drawing overwhelming houses and it will, no doubt, continue to do so for some time to come.....Things at the Academy remain in *statu quo*. The house continues to be as popular as ever, and people do not seem to get tired of seeing the same thing over and over again. This is announced as the last week of the Rollande Brothers' great sensation act 'Altiora Volante'.....Manager Ostermann and his German company down at the Opera House continue to be liberally patronized by our teutonic citizens. Otto Hoym, of the Stadt Theatre, New York, is playing a star engagement there just now which, so far, has been very successful. He appeared last night as 'Don Carlos,' in Schiller's drama of that name."

THE GRISWOLD OPERA HOUSE, Troy, is reported as doing a good business. Our correspondent, "Mose," under date of Nov. 24th, says:—"The week opened with a benefit to Mr. Chas. T. Nichols, the 'heavy' man of the Academy of Music, Albany, and formerly an old favorite of our Opera House. The house was crowded by a large and fashionable audience. The following was the *dish* served up for this occasion: 'Lady of the Lake,' 'Toodles,' 'Katharine and Petruchio,' sandwiched by the Irish song of 'Trust to Luck,' sung by T. E. Jackson. The 'Lady of the Lake' did not pass off very smoothly, as several of the characters were not up in their parts. The prompter's voice was heard several times in all parts of the house. Mr. E. T. Stetson as Rhoderick Dhu; Mr. C. T. Nichols as Fitz James; Mr. J. P. Delmer as Allan Blane, and Miss Annie Waite as Blanche Devan, rendered their respective *roles* successfully. Charles T. Nichols made a hit as Toodles. In 'Katharine and Petruchio,' Frank Roche, leading man of the Academy of Music, Albany, volunteered as Petruchio and received a cordial reception. Miss Annie Waite, as Katharine, charmed all by her simplicity and life-like manner in which she personated the *role*. The leading event in the theatrical world, in this city, was the production of 'Arrah na Pogue,' on the 22d. Manager Van Arnum has displayed great liberality in the preparation of this sensation drama, placing it upon the boards in a style that would do credit to a metropolitan theatre

EDWIN ADAMS commenced a brief engagement at the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., on Nov. 20th, in "Hamlet." Our correspondent, "Percy," under date of Nov. 24, says: "This is the first time since the opening of the season that the company have had a fair test of their dramatic powers; but, from the first night of the present week until now they have each and every one met the expectations of their numerous friends. The cast on the 20th embraced the full strength of the company. Mr. Donaldson, good in almost every thing he undertakes, as the Ghost, added much to the success of the piece. Mr. Mathews, as Polonius, sustained the reputation he brought with him of being one of the best 'old men' in the profession. Mr. Mortimer, although laboring under a severe indisposition, instilled into the character of Laertes more life and spirit than I have seen for years. Mr. H. C. Barton, as Horatio, read his lines with great effect, and dressed the part faultlessly. Mr. Griffith, as the King, also did very fine. Of the ladies, particular mention should be made of Miss Davis, as Ophelia. Miss D. possesses more than ordinary dramatic talent, and I predict a brilliant future for her. On the 21st the comedy of 'Wild Oats' was presented, followed on the 22d by 'Macbeth' and the 'King of the Commons,' in all of which the company have appeared to advantage. Mr. Brigham Bishop, the manager, has adopted a very excellent rule lately, viz., doubling entirely the dead head (or, more properly speaking, dead beat) influence. Although it may diminish the size of the audiences, the receipts will probably be as large as formerly. * * * On the 27th, Miss Alice Kingsbury, 'the Elfin Star,' commences a two weeks engagement, opening in 'Little Barefoot,' to be followed by the 'Hidden Hand' on the 28th, and the 'Lady of Kildare' on the 29th. She is a great favorite in this city, and may count on a successful engagement."

A DEFENCE OF THE STAGE.—The following is the address read to the audience at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, one evening last week, in answer to the scurrilous attacks on the profession by the Rev. Dr. Hatfield, of that city. Mrs. Cowell said: "The mere fact of being an actor never, from the days of Shakespeare to the present hour, placed any man in a degraded position, nor kept him there. His want of talent, energy and character may do so, as in any other pursuit; but his profession, never. Garrick, Foote, Cibber, all the Kembles, Mundoh, Dowton, Quick, Bannister and many minor lights of their day mixed in the best society both in London and in the then fashionable city of Bath. Are the doors of good society, closed against Mr. Hackett, the American comedian? Did not the lamented Abraham Lincoln receive him at the Executive Mansion as a friend, and correspond with him upon the subjects of Shakespeare and the stage? Does our reverend assailant mean to assert that the late President of the United States was not what he calls 'good society?' Is James E. Murdoch, the American actor, who might have realized thousands of dollars by pursuing his profession during the war, but who devoted his talents to the service of his country and to the aid of our sick and wounded heroes—is he, I ask, a parah, an outcast, banned and excommunicated from 'good society?' Are the hosts of actors who rushed to the standard of the Union when the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, and who, now that our arms are crowned with a victorious peace have returned to the stage—are they, too, all outcasts, like poor Tom o' Bedlam "to be whipped from tithing to tithing"—to be banned, barred and branded, "cabined, cribbed, confined" by the reverend doctor from "good society?" Men of the highest position in England and in this country have married actresses. Three of the most celebrated actresses of their day—Miss Farren, Miss Stephens, and the great tragedienne Miss O'Neil—became respectively the Countess of Derby Countess of Essex, and Lady Bickerson Beecher. They adorned the stations to which they attained, and lived honored, respected and beloved by all who knew them. Queen Victoria every one admits to be a pious, virtuous woman. When Mrs. Warner, the actress, was in her last sickness, Victoria visited her, supplied her with funds and delicacies, and sent her own private carriage daily to give the suffering artist an airing. The sovereign of an empire, upon which the sun never sets, did not disdain to smooth the pillow of the dying actress. Would the Rev. Dr. Hatfield do as much? The mother of Canning, the renowned statesman, was an actress. Sheridan, who ran "through each mode of the lyre and was master of all," of whom Byron wrote that—

Nature made but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan.

—his mother was also an actress, one of that class whom Dr. Hatfield represents as out of the pale of the Church.

O shame, where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
Canst thou thus mutiny in a parson's bones?

So far I have met all the reverend vituperator's false statements with truths, and his sophisms with arguments; but now I am about to read you two sentences which it would be as weak in me to stoop to answer as it was wicked in him to stoop to utter them. Dr. Hatfield asks, "Is there a man who is an actor and has a respectable character? Who is there in this house who would not sooner see his daughter in her grave than married to an actor?" When I read these lines I am lost in indignation and amazement that any sane man could have been found fanatical enough to place the professors of an intellectual art on the same level with traitors, burglars and murderers; to represent them as moral cretins and lepers, unfit by their loathsome impurity to fulfil the sacred duties of a husband and a father! Ladies and gentlemen, this is a dastardly outrage upon the actor; but it is something more than that. It is also a most foul and deliberate insult to you—to you, the people who have elected John Rice, a retired actor, to the high office of Mayor of Chicago, the proudest city of the West. To sum up, when the reverend gentleman's attempts at logic do not degenerate into senseless and almost maniacal abuse, his style of reasoning throughout is after this fashion: either a condition of things, or a thing itself, has been found on one or more occasions to be hurtful, ergo, such condition or thing must be at once abolished and demolished. As thus: One of the kings of England died of eating stewed lampreys, the Duke of Wellington died of eating venison steaks, and Pius Antoninus died of eating Alpine cheese; ergo, stewed lampreys, venison steaks and Switzer kase must be abolished, but not demolished."

THE HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, has been very largely attended during the lengthy engagement of Mrs. D. P. Bowers, who closed there on Nov. 25th. Our correspondent "Rex" says:—"On Nov. 20th and 21st 'Peep O'Day' was produced for the first time this season, on each occasion of which the house was crowded to repletion. The piece was put on the stage admirably, and excellently acted. Mrs. Bowers, as Kathleen, was very good. McCollom as Harry Kavanagh was just the daring, high spirited character the author intended. Mr. Hall, as the Rev. O'Cleary, did great credit to himself. Barney O'Tool, under the supervision of C. B. Bishop, was the roaring, ranting blade of Emerald eccentricities. Mr. Bokee as Black Mullins was really excellent. E. A. Emerson as Stephen Purcell (a very bad villain) was all that could be desired. On the 22d the 'Hunchback' was greeted by a large house, only to be surpassed by that of the evening following, when 'Diana, or Love's Masquerade' was performed to one of the most fashionable and critical audiences of the season. Space forbids special mention, but the continued applause with which the major and minor characters were greeted, gave satisfactory assurance of its being highly appreciated and eminently satisfactory. On the 24th the farewell benefit night of Mrs. Bowers 'Elsie Verner,' from the pen of O. W. Holmes, dramatized by Geo. N. Miles, was presented to an overflowing house, representing the beauty of Baltimore. The piece was a great success. At the close of the last act the *beneficiaire* was led before the curtain by Mr. McCollom, and tendered her thanks to all in a neat and appropriate speech."

JOHN OWENS is at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, commencing on Nov. 27th, in the "Live Indian" and "Dot."

POTTER'S NEW THEATRE, at Salt Lake City, was to be opened during the past week with a good company. "Richelieu" was to be the opening piece, to be followed by "The Robbers" the next night, with the following cast:—Charles de Moor, G. B. Waldron; Francis, J. Hardie; Spiegleburg, C. Graham; Count, J. S. Potter; Rolla, B. S. Mortimer; Switzer, N. S. Leslie; Grim, L. S. Townsend; Basman, F. Shields; Kosenska, C. Taylor; Schuiterle, J. Wilson; Commessay, Remberton; and Amelia, Miss Belle Douglas.

THE PARK THEATRE GOERS of Brooklyn are a queer set as regards their dramatic taste. When Mrs. Conway favored them with well cast representations from the choicest dramas of her *repertoire*, they attended the performances in rather limited numbers, but the moment she places upon the stage such pieces as the "Flying Dutchman," &c., lo and behold, the house cannot hold its patrons. Saturday night last was an illustration of the fact. On Nov. 27th Mrs. Conway was to have a benefit, it being the opening night of the "Romance of a Poor Young Man."

SUSAN DENIN opens at Howard's Theatre, Peoria, Illinois, on the 11th inst., in the sensational drama of "Cartouche, the Highwayman of Paris," the manuscript of which she is now the sole possessor. Mr. Howard has now at this theatre a good company, consisting of the following ladies and gentlemen:—Ed. Brink, leading; H. A. Ellis, juvenile; R. J. Miller, comedian; J. K. Power, first old man; Ed Layton, first heavy; R. H. Mills, second heavy; W. S. Wiggins, walking gent; J. M. Howitt, second low comedian; T. J. Daly, responsible business; Messrs. Toohey, Robinson and Rogers, utility; Mr. Goodwin, formerly of Crisp's Nashville Theatre, as prompter; Mr. J. Manning, late of Theatre Royal, Dublin, Ireland, scenic artist; Ida Harris, juvenile; Mrs. S. A. Austin, first old woman; Jennie May, walking lady; Harrie Franklin, first chambermaid; Lizzie Kemble, second chambermaid; Mrs. Ed Brink, second old woman; Misses King and Vernon, utility. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wentworth, of Pittsburgh, are to join the company in a few weeks. Mrs. Emma Waller closed a successful two weeks' engagement on Nov. 25th. She is said to have made a large number of friends during her engagement there, and it is hoped she may appear again in a short time. J. B. Roberts is the star at present.

CHICAGO was lively last week with the show people. What with a lawsuit between Arlington and Kelly, Grau's opera, the two theatres, a minstrel hall and a music hall, as well as the controversy between Anna Cowell and Dr. Hatfield on the influences of the stage and pulpit upon the public morals, it certainly was a lively week. Our correspondent "Agate" writing Nov. 23d says: "One of the largest audiences that ever graced McVicker's Theatre, assembled on the occasion of Mrs. Annie Cowell's benefit, Nov. 20th. The bill selected for the evening was 'Lucretia Borgia' and 'Phenomenon in a Smock Frock.' Mrs. Cowell sustained the character of Lucretia, and it was rendered in her usual good style. In her scene with the Duke (Mr. T. B. Uhl), she was really excellent, displaying great command over voice and countenance, which at once stamped her a true artist. She was *encored* several times, and was brought before the curtain at the end of each act. Mr. Uhl, as the Duke, surprised his most intimate friends in his rendering of this character, as it was the first opportunity he had to show himself, and it was well done. Mr. Levick (Gennaro), Mr. Beck (Gubetta), Mr. Myers (Jeppo), and Mr. Hudson (Maffio), were all good. The great feature of the evening was the reply to the Rev. Dr. M. E. Hatfield's attack on the stage, delivered by Mrs. Cowell. Dr. Hatfield's two sermons against the theatre and actors the two Sabbaths previous, brought forth this document. On the 22d Fannie Marsh took a benefit, appearing as Madelon, in 'The Carpenter of Rouen,' and Leorin, in 'Ladies Battle.' The house was a good one and very appreciative, and greeted her Madelon with deserving applause. The fair *beneficiaire* has become a great favorite with the public. Mr. Rainford, first old man, takes a 'ben' on the 24th, producing the 'Hypocrite.' Charlotte Thompson is the next star here. ... At the Museum, 'The Past Men of the Olden Time' still keeps the boards. At the *matinee* on the 22d, in the 'Scrub Family,' Mr. Dillon as Aminidab Sleek hit Mr. Hatfield hard in his gags, which caused a great deal of laughter and applause. Mrs. Barry as the dashing widow, and Miss May Howard as Mrs. Torrens were splendid. Frank Aiken as Capt. Murphy Maguire, and Mr. McManus as Mr. Torrens were also good. Frank Aiken takes a benefit on the 24th and will appear as Robert Brierly in the 'Ticket-of-Leave-Man.' Mr. Aiken is undoubtedly one of the best Robert Brier's in the country and the mere announcement will draw an overflowing house. 'Belphegor,' which was intended for this week, will be produced next week ..... The Opera is slightly improving in attendance, but not enough to banish the unattendress visible in the Impressario's kneel."

THE PITTSBURGH THEATRE had a good run of business with Yankee Locke, who closed a lucrative engagement on Nov. 25th, and is followed this week by Matilda Heron.

"THE DEAD HEART" was to be produced at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on Nov. 27th.

"ARRAH NA POGUE" continues the attraction at the Boston Theatre, and is drawing large audiences. It will be withdrawn after this week for the production of the spectacle of the "Ice Witch" on Dec. 4th, introducing the Gomerolls. It is expected to run until about the middle of this month, after which Leonard Grover comes with the Italian Opera.

"THE SEAT" has made a big strike at the Boston Museum. It is to be continued this week, and is followed by the re-production of "Jeannette."

HELEN WESTERN has done so well at the Athenæum, Boston, that she remains another week. She is followed, on Dec. 4th, by the Wilkinsons.

KATE REIGNOLDS commenced an engagement, Nov. 20th, at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, to a crowded audience. On the 22d she appeared as Peg Woffington to another good house, and on the 23d as Bonito. The "Sea of Ice" was performed on the 25th, with Miss Reignolds as Ogarita. She continues the star this week.

THE GILMORE & SOTHERN OPERA TROUPE closed at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, Nov. 25th.

L. P. BARNETT, who was at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, last week remains this. "Rosedale" was produced last week with success.

EDWIN ADAMS is at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati.

EDWARD CLARENCE GOODRIDGE'S address is given in our advertising columns.

BEN MCKINLEY was well received last week at the National, Cincinnati. He is followed this week by Marietta Ravel.

FANNY B. PRICE was to commence an engagement of two weeks at Petersburg, Va., on Nov. 27th.

EMILIE MELVILLE was playing at the Corry (Pa.) Theatre last week. She played "Fanchon" to excellent business.

A VERSATILE COMEDIENNE is wanted to travel and support a star. Must do protean business. See advertisement.

MISS MINNIE RAINFORTH, who was recently lying sick at the National Hotel, Chicago, is requested to send her address to Messrs. Conner and Co., theatrical agents of this city, in an advertisement in another part of this issue.

OCEANA, the well known equestrienne, is prepared to make engagements with managers to appear in sensational equestrian drama. As Oceana is an attractive star, we apprehend that the lady will soon secure that for which she seeks. See advertisement in another column.

Negro Minstrelsy.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS.—This celebrated troupe performed to a crowded house at Wieting Hall, Syracuse, recently. We must admit that it was, as a whole, the best performance of negro minstrelsy which has visited our city inside of a year. The singing by Signor Gustave Bidaux (Baritone), Edwin Holmes (Primo Tenore), Gonzalvo Bishop (Bass), and Wm. West (Alto), is not excelled in minstrelsy. The music, vocal and instrumental, dancing, and burlesques, were capital. Duprez's great "burlesque mocking bird song," with wonderful near imitations, was loudly encored, and is certainly worth the price of admission. The burlesque opera entitled "Romeo and Julietta" would do honor to some of our Italian Opera Concerts. The novelties of this troupe are original; so, too, are their witticisms; and we can safely style Lew Benedict and Billy West the Sam Sharpleys of the ebony arena. The whole performance is chaste, and we are satisfied that as there is to be an entire change of programme this evening, those who were in attendance last night will be on hand this evening, with their most fastidious friends, to witness a splendid performance in minstrelsy which does honor to our city. Wieting Hall should be crowded.—*Syracuse Courier.*

IN COURT.—In the Superior Court of Chicago, Nov. 21st, the case of Edward Kelly and Chas. Leon vs. Wm. Arlington, was brought up. The suit was brought under the following circumstances:—It is alleged that May 19, 1863, the parties entered into a contract with John B. Donniker and Albert Jones, as partners for one year, in the negro minstrelsy business, it being conditioned that the plaintiff, Kelly, was to be financial agent and business manager. The year having expired, Donniker withdrew, and the other parties to the suit entered upon a partnership, at the expiration of which Jones retired. Leon, Kelly and Arlington then contracted together for nine years. On the 20th Nov., 1864, however, it is alleged, Arlington, having no just cause, threatened to withdraw from the concern, and to avoid litigation the plaintiffs purchased his interest for $3,000, paying him $1,500 in current funds and the balance in notes of hand. Some time after the defendant sought to be admitted into a new partnership, and by mutual consent such agreement was made, to continue during five years, from April 5, 1865, he to be charged with $1,750 which had been paid him. Under this agreement, business was conducted until Oct. 11th last, when he again withdrew, entering into negotiations to commence business with a troupe of minstrels in Cincinnati.

MARRIED.—On Sunday evening, Nov. 19th, at the East Methodist Church in Baltimore, by the Rev. John E. Nichols, Mr. J. H. Ward, cloggist, attached to Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels, to Mrs. A. W. Ward, of St. Catharine, C. W. A correspondent says:—"I understand the young widow made the acquaintance of Mr. Ward while performing in conjunction with his partner, Wm. Delehanty, with the above minstrel troupe. She became deeply enamored of him and followed him to that city, where the twain were made one; after which they returned to the Voshell House, where a supper was prepared in good style. The young widow is very handsome, and is reputed to be worth $50,000 in gold-dust, besides personal property in her own name. Mr. Ward will still remain with the troupe."

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS, after a long tour through the West, are now steering East. Mr. L. M. W. Steere joined the company as agent Nov. 23d. As this company has got a Skiff and Steere, they will no doubt continue to be well piloted ahead. On the 25th ult. the company appeared at Newark, N. J., and were to go thence to Orange on the 28th, Danbury, Ct., 29th and 30th, and New Haven Dec. 1st and 2d.

C. E. RICHARDSON, who has just left Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels, with whom he has been traveling for two years, as agent, is desirous for a similar position with a first-class company. For address see advertisement.

COTTON, MURPHY & SMITH'S CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS are putting their trust in Providence, R. I., all this week. This troupe, which some years ago rushed into favor in Boston, will locate there, commencing with the New Year, having secured Buckley's Minstrel Hall in that city. They give a capital entertainment, and Cotton will be hereafter King in Boston.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS have been doing a heavy business in the western part of this State, we are informed, and on the 19th ult. performed before an audience of fifteen hundred people. On the 22d and 23d ult. they were at Syracuse, on the 24th at Utica, and 25th at Troy.

DANFORTH AND GLEASON'S MINSTRELS were billed to play in South Byron, N. Y., on the 20th.

COTTON AND MURPHY'S MINSTRELS only occupy Buckley's Hall, Boston, for ten weeks, from Jan. 1st to March 12th.

THE BUCKLEYS, of Boston, had a good programme last week. In the first part some of the most popular comic and sentimental songs of the day were sung. In the olio, Penny did his "L'Echelle Perilense" act, Pete Lee gave his inimitable tamborine solo, Swaine Buckley sang "Polly Ann," and gave a stump speech. The afterpiece was the sketch called "Arrah Na Brogue." "Cinderella" is in active preparation, and will shortly be produced.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS are doing a pretty good business in Chicago. A correspondent says: "Tom Gettings has the tamborine end, and is making himself a great favorite. He has been sick with a billious attack for a few days, and J. W. McAndrews takes his place. Tom H. Williams, in his banjo songs, and the laughable sketch of the 'Recruiting office,' has made a hit, and bids fair to become a favorite. Sam Price, the old favorite, shakes up the bones, and makes new friends every night. Kelly, in his ballads, and Leon's dances and burlesque operas, are just as good as ever. They have been running a piece to wind up the first part called the 'Randolph St. Cars,' (written by Leon,) and it takes immensely, being in its third week."

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS performed in Troy on Nov. 25th, to a crowded house.

THE BROOKLYNITES continue to bestow a goodly amount of patronage on Hooley's Minstrels, their Hall being well filled every night. This week William Hobbs, clarionet player and leader, joins the company. On Nov. 30th a benefit is to be given to the widow and orphan fund of the Fire Department.

JOHNNY BOOKER, after resting a spell on a farm at Adrian, and having recovered from the wound in his arm received some time ago, has organized a minstrel party called Booker's Minstrels, and opened on the 22d ult. at Toledo; they went thence to Monroe on the 23d; Adrian 24th and 25th, were advertised to be at Jackson on the 27th and 28th, and go thence to Marshall 29th, and Kalamazoo 30th and 31st.

MR. MULLIGAN, Ethiopian comedian, bone player, etc., can be engaged for concert halls or minstrel troupes, as per advertisement in another column.

A YOUTH OF SIXTEEN SUMMERS, who has been stricken with the negro minstrelsy fever, desires an opportunity to learn the business. For what he can do, address, etc., see L. H. Palmer's advertisement in another column.

BUCKLEYS' MINSTRELS will vacate their hall in Boston in January and start out on a western traveling tour, with C. B. Griste as agent.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are advertised ahead as follows: Albany, N. Y., Nov. 27th, 28th and 29th; Hudson, 30th; Newburg, Dec. 1st; Paterson, N. J., 2d and 4th; Newark, 5th, 6th and 7th; Trenton, 8th and 9th; New Brunswick, 11th; and then steer for the Eastern States.

NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS are billed to appear in Elmira, N. Y., on Nov. 29th and 30th.

SAM POND, the well known agent for Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels, late Duprez and Green's, but who lately left that party and was about organizing a minstrel troupe, has thought better of it, has "shook" the Green party and gone back to his first love, and will continue to pilot the Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels on their journey through the country. Mr. Pond publishes a card in this issue of the CLIPPER, to the effect that the copartnership existing between him and Green is dissolved.

SHARPLEY'S IRON CLADS played to a big business last week at Wood's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., and though they are billed to play in New Albany, Ind., they expected to remain in Louisville another week. Frank Moran joined the party on November 22d, and met with a hearty reception. Frank will continue on one of the ends.

VESTVALI has not done well in California, and a rupture has taken place between her and Mr. T. Maguire, her manager. She has commenced suit against Maguire for violation of contract, and claims damages in the sum of *thirty thousand dollars in gold!* Maguire's reply will probably charge her with violating the contract in not performing, when announced, at various times, and that he had to engage other stars in her absence, etc. Vestvali is not likely to get the damages claimed, but will return to New York a wiser if not a richer woman than when she left it. The case is going on, and will continue to go on for some time to come.

Music Halls.

THE GAIETY, Albany, is said to be doing a good business. Miss Annie Gibbons opened there on Nov. 21st and had a big reception. Her clog and Irish jig dancing are well liked. Billy Rice put in an appearance on the 20th. J. P. Madden re-appeared on the 23d, after a serious illness. Billy Rice and Tom Pennington have a joint benefit Dec. 1st.

JOHNNY PRINCE is said to be quite a favorite with the frequenters of Beagle's Varieties, St. Louis.

AT THE EASTERBROOK, Washington, Wray is causing much merriment by his burlesque of "Mazeppa." In "Mother Hubbard," which is well put upon the stage, he also assumes the leading role. Last week was announced as his last. The principal feminine cards at this establishment are Miss Delohime and the Robinson and Wesner Sisters. To the lovers of the ballet a rich treat was given last week in a trial duo between Mons. L. Szoffoxy and Miss Mary Wesner. Edwin Blanchard, with his trained dogs Carlo and Nero, appear this week. Manager Lea spares neither time nor money to please his many patrons.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, in Memphis, with a Variety Troupe, is managed by C. A. Morningstar, and is said to be doing well with the following company:—James Porter, stage manager; Johnny Thompson, Tom Clarnon, Harry De Witt, Burt Smith, the Misses Carrie Cornelle, Amelia Herbert, La Belle Clara, Maggie Winters, &c.

THE DETROIT VARIETIES was driving a strong team last week. Add Weaver, Miss Estelle, Whettony Brothers and Annie Blake were the luminaries, supported by a host of local favorites.

"THE HALAD QUEEN," at the Varieties, Chicago, was withdrawn on Nov. 15th, and last week sensational scenes in the rage. Clara Butler appeared again with new songs. Chloe is said to be ever welcome there, as she is a great favorite with the Chicagoians. Nellie Howard appears in her Yorkville Jig every evening, and Master Barney's song and dance is good.

M. JOSEF DENNER having effected an engagement with Carr, of the Variety Theatre, Buffalo, for two weeks, was to commence there on Nov. 27th. The rope business has been pretty well played in and around Buffalo, but John will show them a performance excelled by no performer and equalled by few that do the rope ascension business.

M'LLE LNAIE, the Gaboune, brought to this country by George Desgie, made her debut on Nov. 20th, at the Varieties, St. Louis.

KATE PENNOYER puts in an appearance this week at the Theatre Comique, Boston. Business is said to be pretty good with this establishment. The pantomimes of "La Statue Blanc," "Robert Macaire," and "Nicodemus," are to be produced this week. "Mazulme" is in active preparation.

ENGAGE AND DANCERS are advertised for in this week's CLIPPER by Messrs. Davis & Co., the Chicago Theatrical Agents.

Circuses.

THAYER AND NOYES' CIRCUS and Seth B. Howes' company have been running one another pretty hard down South of late. A correspondent writing from Montgomery, Ala., on Nov. 15th, says:—"Thayer and Noyes and Howes have been running neck and neck through Atlanta, Macon and Columbus, and were advertised to show here together, on the 13th, 14th and 15th, but Thayer and Noyes concluded to jump this place, and accordingly passed directly through to Mobile, where they opened on the 14th. The other party did a big business here on the 13th, and they have concluded to remain during the week; where they go to is a sealed contract. Thayer and Noyes open at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, at the conclusion of the Mobile run. The Thayer and Noyes party announced a benefit in Macon, on the 8th, for the suffering poor of the city, but in consequence of the slim receipts no money was forthcoming for the poor. The managers of the Seth Howes show, feeling that the performance of their troupe in Macon was the cause of the very signal failure of the benefit tendered by Messrs. Thayer and Noyes, and unwilling that the unfortunates should thus be deprived, they placed at the disposal of the Mayor one half of the gross amount received by them at their entertainment on the same afternoon of the benefit. The amount handed over was $300.....Stone and Rosston's circus is also coming this way."

BARNUM, HEMMING & CO.'S CIRCUS, in Philadelphia, was not very well attended last week—probably bad weather had something to do with it. The new concern at Tenth and Callowhill opens this week, and Gardner's party will not profit by it.

DEHAVEN'S CIRCUS opened at Tivoli Circle, New Orleans, on the 30th ult., and played there to good houses until last week, when they moved further down town to Congo Square, where its success continued undiminished.

Miscellaneous.

ELLINGER AND FOOTE'S GREAT COMBINATION.—This fine troupe gave three entertainments at Binghampton, N.Y, on the 27th, 28th and 29th ult., are advertised in Ithica, N.Y., on the 30th and Dec. 1st, Owego 2d and 4th, Port Jervis 5th and 6th, and Paterson 7th, 8th and 9th. This troupe is drawing immensely, day and night. The following is from the Baltimore *Gazette*.—"In all our experience—by no means a limited one—we have never come across such an extraordinary and novel exhibition as that of the Messrs. Ellinger and Foote, the first performance of which was given in the spacious Hall of the Maryland Institute last evening. It is, in fact, a rare combination, by which the curiosity of all classes may be gratified, while the finer feelings of our natures are pleasantly refreshed by the strains of harmony that fall ravishingly upon the ear. Never before, perhaps, was a combination of so very diminutive people thrown together. Com. Foote and a bewitching little creature known as the "Fairy of the West," must take precedence over all pretenders. These wonderful curiosities, assisted by Col. Small and a talented musical company, form a combination which, for *real merit*, is excelled by none." The Lancaster *Express* says: "Com. Foote, Col. Small and Miss Eliza Nestelle, in combination with the Lancaster favorites, the old *Continental Vocalists*, gave one of their rare entertainments at Fulton Hall last evening to a crowded and delighted audience. It is not saying too much when we assert that a more interesting and pleasing entertainment never visited this city, or one that gives more universal satisfaction. The Commodore and the other little folks are perfect people in miniature, and are full of life and vivacity. Their performances last evening delighted both old and young; and notwithstanding the entertainment lasted two full hours, no one appeared in the least fatigued, but would have sat through two hours more. The Continentals, since we last had the pleasure of hearing them, have been reinforced by several able assistants, and they are to-day as good, if not better, than at any time since they have been before the public. Their music is choice and touches the popular heart—just such music as everbody can understand and as everbody likes to hear." The Pottsville *Standard* says: "Ellinger and Foote's Combination performed in the Town Hall, in this Borough, on Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday evenings. Every evening the house and stairways were crowded, and many persons returned home, unable to gain admittance. Commodore Foote is a little gentleman, a perfect man in miniature, and his little sister, Eliza Nestelle, is the tiniest and most interesting little fairy we have ever seen. Col. Small, as a female dancer, was frequently applauded. The vocal and instrumental music of the Continentals was most excellent. The song, 'I'm lonely since my Mother died,' by Mr. Rogers, was inexpressibly beautiful and touching."

MR. MATHER advertises in this issue for a position as advertising agent for some good company.

W. J. MCALLISTER was at Hewitt Hall, Ypsilanti, Ohio, on the 20th and 21st inst.

HASTY & TWOMBLY'S POLYORAMA exhibits at Bellfonte, Pa., on Nov. 28th and 29th.

DR. STEVENS' THOUTA will be in Erie, Pa., on Nov. 28th and 29th, Dunkirk 30th, and Buffalo Dec. 1st and 2d.

MECHANICAL FIGURES of all kinds ready made and made to order, are advertised for sale in this issue. For full particulars read the advertisement.

THE MOTOTHEATRUM, or Mechanical Circus, is offered for sale in this issue. It is said to weigh only 500lbs, and can be put up in any hall in the country with the assistance of only two men. For particulars see advertisement.

GEO. S. COLE, of Chicago, Ill., was married on Nov. 17th, at the residence of the bride's father, in that city, to Georgie Swan. Mr. Cole is well-known in the circus business, having been with Mabie's Show; also with Yankee Robinson.

THE TABERNACLE, Indianapolis, Ind., is said to be well suited to traveling entertainments of all kinds, including dramatic performances, as it has a good stock of scenery and is capable of seating 2000 persons. For address, see advertisement in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER.

JOHN W. WHISTON, the humorist, in conjunction with Hubbard's Tableaux, and Mrs. Hubbard, vocalist, were at Erie, Penn., on the 13th, 14th and 15th Nov., and proceeded to Conneaut, Painesville, Norwalk and Munroesville, Ohio. On the 22d they opened in Sandusky, O., for three nights. The Erie *Dispatch* says, "Farrar Hall was crowded last evening, to witness the farewell performances of Whiston, and take a last look at the Tableaux. Both the public and performers have good reason to feel satisfied with the past three evenings." A. B. Palmer is heading west as advertiser.

GEORGIE DEAN SPALDING, who is performing with the Miltonian Tableaux, in Philadelphia, is nightly encored for her artistic handling of the harp. With one hand she plays Yankee Doodle; with the other, Fisher's Hornpipe; at the same time singing "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Although the three pieces are all going on together, yet each melody is distinctly heard. This novelty is one of the features of the entertainment.

HURLEY'S PANORAMA, a Tour of Ireland, has been drawing good houses during the past week, at Rand's Hall, Troy. As a work of art it is said to be both instructive and amusing.

THE PASTOR COMBINATION, which has been traveling through the West for some time past with success, is coming East. The first three days of this week the company are at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh.

ARTEMUS WARD holds forth at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, on Dec. 1st and 2d.

THE CONTINENTALS, under the management of Mr. Whittemore, gave a concert on Nov. 22d, in Detroit, to a good house. They are said to be good.

MESSRS. FUNSTON & CORNWELL, the Philadelphia theatrical agents, issue a proclamation in this week's CLIPPER of much importance to the profession generally. *Vide* advertisement.

CORRIE'S TOUR OF SCOTLAND, an entertainment after the style of the "Hibernicon," opened at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, on Nov. 22d. A correspondent says:—"The painting is a very fine one, and, with the Newton Family, who are the best singers of Scotch songs I ever heard, makes a most delightful entertainment. Mr. Corrie officiates as guide, and sings several comic and characteristic songs. I learn he is already making arrangements to visit your city."

MCEVOY'S HIBERNICON OF A TOUR IN IRELAND opened at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on Nov. 21st, for the purchase of clothing for the destitute children of that city, under the auspices of the Young Catholic Friends' Society, and the Society retains the hall for that object to Nov. 25th. The Fenians of that city made a full parade on the 22d and 23d, and marched to the hall. Miss Goodall, a young lady of prepossessing appearance and a native of that city, after an absence of one year, made her reappearance in conjunction with the panorama.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXIAL performed at Brantford, C. W., on Monday and Tuesday evenings; Hamilton, Wednesday and Thursday; St. Catharines, Friday; and returned to the States, at Lockport, N. Y., on the 18th inst., after a season of seven weeks through the Lower and Upper Canadas.

CHARLEY SHAY'S jumping Italian greyhound, "Dot," died in Lockport, N. Y., on Sunday, Nov. 19th, of that terror to all dog fanciers, distemper. She was a good dog, was Dot; she was gentle she was kind, and ever faithful to the interests of her owner.

MAGICAL APPARATUS, and all things necessary for the successful operation of the "black art," can be procured of the Lubin Brothers, who have a high repute for their ability to construct legerdemain machinery. See their advertisement in another column.

SCOTT'S "STREETS OF BOSTON" was on exhibition last week, at the Melodeon, Boston.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXIALS perform in Buffalo, at St. James Hall, on Nov. 29th and 30th and Dec. 1st.

MESSRS. ASHE & CO., the sign and scenic artists of No. 159 and 161 Mercer street, N. Y., are at all times ready to receive and execute orders in their line, in the highest style of the art.

SEVERAL VOCALISTS AND INSTRUMENTALISTS are advertised for by G. R. in this issue of the CLIPPER. They are wanted for a first class traveling and glee club.

MESSRS. KELLY & LEON are about to open at the new Academy of Music, Cincinnati, O., and are therefore desirous of letting the Academy of Music, Chicago, of which they are the lessees. They advertise to that effect in this and succeeding issue of the CLIPPER.

MRS. HANNAH WALBY, mother of the Walby sisters, died in Williamsburgh, L. I., on Nov. 25th, after a brief illness. This bereavement will prevent their appearing before the public for some time. The funeral took place on Nov. 27th.

JAMES CONNER & CO., the New York theatrical agents, are still doing a driving business in securing people for managers and engagements for people. In this week's CLIPPER they have advertisements referring to Miss Emmie Melville, known as the pet of the American stage, George Jenkins May, Ben Magnley and Marie Gonzelion. Attached to the business of this firm is a purchasing agency, notice of which will be found among our miscellaneous advertisements.

WM. B. OTIS—Your attention is called to an advertisement in this week's CLIPPER.

JOHNNY F. LEAVITT and wife, comic vocalists, are fulfilling an engagement at the Union Concert Hall, New Haven, Conn. Johnny's tamborine solo is said to be a feature of the entertainment.

A LECTURER of experience advertises in this issue of the CLIPPER for an opportunity to display his powers of oratory.

Amateur.

THE ST. JOHN, N. B., DRAMATIC CLUB gave a performance in Carleton, on Nov. 14th. They opened in the "Seven Clerks" and "To Paris and Back for £5," in which Mr. McCafferty as Samuel Snezzle, it is said, acquitted himself well. Our correspondent says: "Mr. Nannery's Charles Markham was a wretched performance; he looked more like a ruffian than a walking gentleman, and was not up in his part. Mr. McGovern as Mr. Spriggins was capital. Mr. Mooweeny as Joseph kept the audience vastly amused. Mr. McWilliams as Lieutenant Spike was not up to that gentleman's artistic style. The balance of the characters were fairly rendered. The ball was well filled.....Mrs. Wentworth Stevenson (Laura Honey) intends giving a sacred and secular concert here some time in December."

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, of Columbia, Tenn., gave a performance in that city, on Nov. 17th, "Robert Shelley" and "Turn Him Out" were performed.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

"L'AFRICAINE" is still the attraction at the Royal English Opera House, London.

THE LYCEUM THEATRE, London, was re-opened on Nov. 5th, with a new drama of "The Arabian Cry," an adaptation by Palgrave Simpson of the French drama of "Lazare le Faire," originally produced in 1839, as "Roland the Reaper." M. Fechter appeared in the cast.

THE NEW SURREY THEATRE, London, is fast approaching completion. Already it is believed by some sanguine persons that Mr. Shepherd will be able to open his doors on boxing-night, and thus, notwithstanding the awful visitation of last year, he will be able to prevent an unseemly gap from showing itself in his honorable record of yearly pantomimes. However these anticipations may be fulfilled, it is gratifying to know that arrangements are in a most forward state at the new theatre, and that a new field for professional labor will soon be within reach. The frontage of the theatre is rapidly approaching completion, and the roof will, before many days have elapsed, be in a complete state. An iron staircase will act as a partial support to the boxes and gallery, and is already fixed in its place. The flooring in various directions is in an advanced state, and the stage is not far short of being complete. Bearing in mind the dreadful fate which overtook the old theatre, the most extraordinary precautions have been taken to ward off the effects of fire, from which no public building can possibly be free. The whole design of the theatre presents many novel and ingenious features, which can only advance the fame of the architect.

"KING JOHN" was produced at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, on Nov. 11th, in grand style, with Mr. Phelps as King John, James Anderson as Falconbridge, Master Percy Roselle as Arthur and Miss Atkinson as Constance.

MRS. SARAH K. T. GRACE, wife of Delm

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line, a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

CLARRY & REILLY,
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 AND 14 SPRUCE STREET,
NEW YORK.

THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD.

THIS FIRM
Pays particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
A deposit required on all work ordered. 34-tf

NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON'S
MINSTRELS,
HEADED BY THE PIONEERS OF MINSTRELSY,
and the
TWO GREATEST COMEDIANS OF A CENTURY,
NEWCOMB AND ARLINGTON,
Who appear nightly upon the stage in their merriest and best characters, in connection with their mammoth corps of Vocalists, Instrumentalists, Dancers and Comedians.

N. B.—We, the undersigned, are reported by a PARCEL of ENVIOUS and JEALOUS SET OF TRAVELING MUSHROOMS, as not appearing upon the stage. We beg to differ. We are on hand nightly to the discharge of our duties to the best of our abilities. The Troupe as now organized,

STANDS SECOND TO NONE IN THE WORLD,
WITH A BETTER STRING BAND,
BETTER BRASS BAND,
BETTER VOCALISTS,
BETTER DANCERS,
BETTER COMEDIANS,
AND MORE OF THEM.

In all,
WE STAND IN DEFIANCE.

The Troupe are now returning East, with an entire new repertoire of Novelties (not yet captured by the Traveling Pirates, and peddled out as original with themselves.)

W. W. NEWCOMB,
WM. ARLINGTON,
Proprietors.
33-12t CHAS. S. WOOD, Agent.

M. MULLIGAN, Ethiopian Comedian, late of Barnum's Museum, the unrivalled Bone Player and inimitable "Essence of Old Virginny," can be engaged for Music Halls or Minstrel Troupes by addressing
34-1t* M. MULLIGAN, South Norwalk, Conn.

TO MANAGERS OF MINSTREL COMPANIES.—
A lad, 16 years old, wishes a situation in some company to learn the business. Can do a Song and Dance, and is willing to make himself generally useful. Salary no object at first, as he wises to make it his profession. Address L. H. PALMER, Chelsea, Mass., or care of Clipper Office. 34 1t*

NOTICE.
TO MANAGERS AND ARTISTS.
I desire to state that I shall be absent from home during the greater part of the Winter. Any parties wishing to negotiate for any of Mr. JOHN BROUGHAM'S pieces will please address the subscriber (at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, for four weeks,) or Mr. A. T. LEVERE, at my residence,
T. E. MORRIS,
77 West Tenth street,
33-tf New York City.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
MR. JOHN BROUGHAM'S ENGAGEMENT.
Mr. BROUGHAM will appear MONDAY, Nov. 20, for four weeks, at the WALNUT STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, producing during his engagement his new drama of
O'DONNELL'S MISSION; Also, PLAYING WITH FIRE, FLIES IN THE WEB, Etc.
33-2t T. E. MORRIS.

TO MANAGERS,
LESLIE, THE AMERICAN
HERO OF NIAGARA FALLS, AND COMEDIAN,
Is open for engagements for six or twelve nights, for Drama, Pantomime, and his extraordinary performances on the Rope. Time filled up to Oct. 4. Address
S. S. SKINNER, Agent,
34-1t* New Bowery Theatre, N. Y.

NEW VARIETY THEATRE, Titusville, Pa.
Now open with the following Company:

MR. BILLY ALLEN,	MISS LAURA BERNARD,
TOM BAKER,	VICTORIA ROSS,
MR. JOE WOODS,	ANNIE LEE,
MONS. MORICI NAVONI,	NELLIE HUNTLEY,
MR. NUNAN,	MAGGIE WILLETT,
M. B. LEAVITT,	DICK COLLINS,
MR. HANK PULLMAN.	

Artists of ability desiring profitable engagements can procure them by addressing
RHODES & PULLMAN,
Proprietors, Titusville, or
JOE WOOD,
30-3m* Stage Manager.

CHILDS' HALL,
FAINESVILLE, OHIO.
ASA CHILDS .....Proprietor
Universally admired, is furnished with a large stage, and is lighted with gas.
Will seat 500 persons. Terms reasonable. 33-3m*

THE NEW FRANKLIN THEATRE.
LEON DE BERGER .....Lessee and Manager
This New Theatre will open for the Winter Season with a first class Dramatic Company, Thursday evening, Nov. 16th, 1865. Stars of acknowledged ability may address
LEON DE BERGER, Manager,
33-3m Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

NORWALK HALL,
NORWALK, CONN.
A first class Hall, one of the largest and most convenient in the State, to let for all respectable entertainments. Terms moderate. Address Proprietor Norwalk Hall, Norwalk, Conn. 33 3m*

INDIANA STATE MUSEUM,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Between Delaware and Pennsylvania streets, on Washington.
MADAME ENGLISH.....Proprietress
GEO. W. FROST .....Manager
N. B.—Good cards wanted and correspondence requested. 33 4t

COLUMBUS, Ohio.
ROBINSON & BRYAN,
The old established BILL POSTERS and DISTRIBUTORS of the Capital City of Ohio, owners of over 100 Bulletin Boards, attend promptly to all matters intrusted to their care. References—Fact Job Printing Office, 25 East Iowa st., and Columbus Gazette Job Printing Office, 19 East State st., to whose care orders may be addressed. [33-3t*] ROBINSON & BRYAN.

YORK (Pa.) MELODEON.
SELAK & SMITH .....Proprietors
J. S. BERRY .....Stage Manager
This popular place of amusement is now open for the Winter Season.
WANTED—Talent in every branch of the Concert Hall business. Also, Ballet Girls capable of doing Solo Dances; Banjo Player, and Song and Dance Man. Address, stating salary,
J. S. BERRY, Stage Manager,
30-tf York Melodeon, York, Pa.

BANJO AND JIG DANCING Taught by
PAT DINON,
The renowned BANJOIST and JIG DANCER, No. 138 Avenue C, corner of Ninth street, New York. 32-4t*

SYRACUSE THEATRE.
DONALDSON & SIMMONS.....Managers
Wanted,
A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY,
with good wardrobe.
The season to commence Dec. 20, 1865.
People of acknowledged ability please address the above in care of Clipper, or Box 366, Syracuse, N. Y. 33-3t

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TO MANAGERS.—KATE FISHER will shortly appear in two sensation prize dramas, and will play several engagements without her horse.
Business Communications to be addressed to
C. S. BERNARD,
33-tf 486 Broadway.

OLD AND RELIABLE.—Established 15 Years.
WM. S. SCOVELL, SUCCESSOR TO STAATS,
BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR,
NO. 1 PINE STREET, LOOKPORT, N. Y.
Bills, with orders from responsible parties, sent me per express, will always receive prompt attention, and work done well. 33-3t*

MISS KATE FISHER.—All Business Communications for this lady to be addressed care of
C. S. BERNARD, No. 486 Broadway.
Can be engaged with or without her trained horse. 33-tf

SEARL, the Prestidigitateur and Ventriloquist. in the West, may be addressed, Box 526, Chicago, Ill., for the Winter. 31-4t*

CORINTHIAN HALL, Rochester, N. Y.
Owing to the extensive repairs, this Hall cannot be reopened before December 1st.
SAMUEL WILDER, Proprietor.

AMUSEMENTS.

HOOLEY'S NEW OPERA HOUSE,
CORNER OF COURT AND REMSEN STREETS, BROOKLYN,
Is now open for the season with
A GREAT STAR COMBINATION OF
MINSTRELS AND PANTOMIMISTS.
THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND FINEST HALL
IN AMERICA.
The Company comprises TWENTY-FIVE UNEQUALLED PERFORMERS, selected from the first ranks of the Profession.
First class talent can address
E. GREENLAND, Agt. [28-tf] R. M. HOOLEY, Sole Propr't.

ARTEMUS WARD'S
FAREWELL NIGHTS IN AMERICA.

The public are respectfully informed that
ARTEMUS WARD
will appear in his very popular
COMIC ILLUSTRATED MORMON SPECIALITY
in the chief cities of the United States, prior to his departure for England.
It is believed that the
SUCCESS OF THIS ENTERTAINMENT
is
WHOLLY UNPRECEDENTED
in the history of genteel amusements in either hemisphere. 26 tf

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AMERICAN THEATRE,
444 BROADWAY.
Manager and Proprietor.....ROBERT W. BUTLER
SIXTH ANNUAL SEASON
Of
BUTLER'S GREAT TROUPE,
Whose success has never been equalled.
OPENING NIGHT,
THURSDAY, AUG. 17, 1865,
Of this favorite establishment, with a splendid company of new and old favorites, by which
NOVELTIES WILL BE PRODUCED IN
28-tf RAPID SUCCESSION.

RETURN OF THE FAVORITES
TO THE WEST.
FIFTH YEAR OF
ONE CONTINUED SEASON.
THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE
AND YOUNG FEMALE BRASS BAND.
This extraordinarily successful company (upwards of twenty in number) are about to return to the scene of their former triumphs, and with new and increased attractions, including the wonderful
PROTEUS,
the new invention of Prof. PEPPER, of London (inventor of the famous "Ghost"), of which the Baltimore American speaks of as follows:
"Proteus is a great deceiver, you can never tell where he is. The Davenport illusion, or delusion rather, was an excellent thing in its way, but the Davenports are totally eclipsed by the workings of Proteus."
J. HENEAGH CARTER,
Proprietor and Manager.

COTTON, MURPHY & SMITH'S
ORIGINAL CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS,
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE
AND
BRASS BAND.
TWENTY TALENTED PERFORMERS,
THE CHAMPION TROUPE OF AMERICA,
Will commence their
THIRD TOUR
Through the New England States, visiting

FOXBOROUGH, 24th;	FALL RIVER, 25th;
PROVIDENCE, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and December 1st and 2d;	
NORWICH, 4th, 5th;	HARTFORD, 6th, 7th;
MIDDLETOWN, 8th;	NEW HAVEN, 9th;
BRIDGEPORT, 11th;	WATERBURY, 12th;
WESTFIELD, 13th;	NORTHAMPTON, 14th, 15th;
SPRINGFIELD, 16th, 18th, 19th;	WORCESTER, 20th, 21st;
MANCHESTER, 22d;	LOWELL, 23d.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTREL HALL,
corner of Summer and Chauncey streets, Boston, Mass., has been secured for
COTTON, MURPHY & SMITH'S MINSTRELS.
They open there on New Year's Day.
27-tf W. H. SMITH, Business Manager.

SULLIVAN'S HIBERNIAN BARDS,
In their
GEMS OF ERIN
and
WIT, HUMOR, PATHOS, MELODY AND POETRY OF OLD IRELAND,
Will commence their first annual Tour at Troy, N. Y., on Saturday evening, Nov. 18, 1865, and will during the winter visit the principal cities of the Union.
Attention is called to the following array of talent:

JOE ENGLISH,	JOHN MURPHY,
MR. AND MRS. TIM HAYES,	MISS MAGGIE McGUIRE,
E. HARRISON,	MISS KATE HENNESEY,
H. K. PATTEN,	J. A. RICHARDS,
J. P. GUNN,	J. CONNOR,
M. E. DUNDON,	ED. O'NEIL.
T. D. HALLIGAN,	J. H. B. SULLIVAN, Manager.
33-3m	JAS H. CASIELLO, Agent.

BURGESS, PRENDERGAST, HUGHES & DONNIKER'S
MINSTRELS,
FROM NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.
In organizing the above troupe for the
FALL AND WINTER CAMPAIGN,
the Management have congregated Artists of Enviable Celebrity only. Having
"EXCELSIOR"
for their motto, they flatter themselves that they have succeeded in presenting to the public a series of Entertainments
UNEQUALLED IN NOVELTY AND MERIT.
While the nightly ovations that everywhere greet them is the best evidence of the great verdict of public opinion in their favor.
Among the list of talent connected with this superb organization are the following well known and unexampled array of artists:

MR. COOL BURGESS,	MR. T. B. PRENDERGAST,
MR. J. B. DONNIKER,	MR. ARCHIE HUGHES,
MR. M. AINSLEY SCOTT,	MR. ROLLIN DANA,
MR. HARRY FRENCH,	MR. A. C STONE,
MR. JOSEPH BAILEY,	MR. HENRY ELLIOTT,
MR R. THOMPSON,	MR. C. H. SINCLAIR,
MR. CHAS. WILSON,	MR. FRANK B. CILLEY,
MASTERS GEORGE and	CHARLES REYNOLDS.

The above Great Combination will, during the present season, visit all the principal cities of the United States and Canadas.
26-tf JOHN A. DINGESS, Manager.

CAUTION TO MANAGERS.—It having come to the notice of the undersigned that a certain actress, during a recent engagement in Boston, produced and attempted to play a piratical and unauthorized copy of an entirely original American comedy, entitled OUR FEMALE AMERICAN COUSIN, written expressly for me by Charles Gaylor, Esq., and for which I paid $500; this is to caution managers and the profession generally against an infringement of my copyright, as I shall hereafter legally protect myself against a further swindle.
It is believed that no manager who has a decent regard for his reputation as a man of honor, integrity and fair dealings, will countenance or permit such an outrage on the rights and property of one of the profession.
JULIA DALY,
33-2t 508 South Tenth street, Philadelphia.

RICHMOND OPERA HOUSE,
(Late ODD FELLOWS' HALL), RICHMOND, VA.,
CORNER OF FRANKLIN AND MAIO STREETS.
MAGUIRE & SHANLY.....Lessees and Proprietors.
CHARLEY KANE.....Acting and Stage Manager.
PROFESSOR LOEBMAN.....Leader of Orchestra.
THE RICHMOND OPERA HOUSE
is the best constructed Concert Hall in the South, having been lately remodelled, redecorated, upholstered and painted throughout. It is now open for the season with an efficient company, composed of Dramatic, Operatic, Terpsichorean, Pantomime, Acrobatic and Ethiopian Artists, and is now the most popular place of amusement in the city. Artists of ability purposing coming South, will address as above. 33-3m

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MADAME MACARTE,
THE CELEBRATED EQUESTRIENNE,
May be addressed at No. 110 Bleecker st., New York City. 27

FREDERICK AND JEROME LUBIN,
BI-CONJURERS AND NECROMANTIC ARTISTS, Manufacturers and Importers of all kinds of Magic Apparatus and Italian Fantoccini Dancing Figures. Also, Teachers of the Art Magique and Ventriloquism. For Catalogue, send stamp to 185 Laurens street, New York. 27-3t*

MISS ALICE KINGSBURY,
THE ELFIN STAR,
Will open at the Rochester Opera House, November 27. She has a little time open. Managers wishing to engage this popular artiste will please address at once.
AGENT OF ALICE KINGSBURY,
33-3t Rochester, N. Y.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
SPALDING, ROGERS & BIDWELL.....Proprietors
MONS. LA THORNE.....Stage Manager
Now open for the Fall, Winter and Spring Seasons of 1865 and 1866, with the largest and most versatile troupe ever concentrated within the walls of any theatre in the world.
First class artists in every variety can obtain lucrative engagements by applying above. 27-tf

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Responsible parties can be supplied with Danseuses, Lady Vocalists, Song and Dance Men; also, several good responsible people in all lines of business, by applying to DAVIS & CO., Theatrical Agents, 118 South Clark st., Room 21, P.O. Drawer 6390, Chicago, Illinois. 32-4t*

SUNNY SIDE CONCERT HALL,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
This establishment is now in the full tide of success. First class performers treated with at all times. Address
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WANTED—A FIRST CLASS DANSEUSE.
ALSO, SEVERAL YOUNG LADIES FOR THE BALLET.
Apply or address C. B. REYNOLDS, Stage Manager.
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TRENOR'S WASHINGTON HALL,
WILLIAMSBURGH, N. Y. Agents and others interested in public entertainments will find TRENOR'S WASHINGTON HALL, South Seventh and Fourth streets, Williamsburgh, desirably adapted. The stage is large and well stocked with new scenery, foot lights, reflectors, &c. Terms favorable and no tricks or traps.
27-3m* J. H. TRENOR, Proprietor.

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201 BOWERY,
Opposite Spring street.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON.
THE GREAT FAMILY RESORT,
THE MODEL TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT.
LARGE AND COMPLETE COMPANY,
under the direction of the renowned
TONY PASTOR,
greeted nightly by crowded and fashionable audiences.
GOOD ENGAGEMENTS ALWAYS OPEN FOR
GOOD PERFORMERS
in any line—Dramatic, Operatic, Terpsichorean, Pantomimic, Acrobatic, or Ethiopic. Apply personally or by letter to
SAMUEL M. SHARPLEY,
19-tf Business Manager.

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TWELFTH
ANNUAL TOUR.
Sweeping everything before them in the way of success. We come again after a most brilliant and successful tour through the Lower and Upper Canadas, Kansas, Nebraska, and the great West.
COMPETITION AND IMITATORS OUTDONE,
by the famous and gigantic
DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S
Original
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN MINSTRELS,
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE, AND BRASS BAND,
Enlarged and Improved for the Season of 1865 and '66.
The model troupe of the world, consisting of twenty-five unapproachable, brilliant
ETHIOPIAN STARS,
admitted by the people and the press to be the leading, model organization of the present age, far superior in every respect to all other traveling troupes in existence, the result of twelve years of experience, patronized by the fashion and elite of the entire continent.

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VOCAL DIRECTOR	SIG. G. BIDEAUX
LEADER OF BRASS BAND	E. M. PARMELEE
MUSICAL DIRECTOR	J. T. EVERHL
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THIS MAMMOTH UNEQUALLED AND INCOMPARABLE
CORPS OF POPULAR AND DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
will again traverse the entire continent of America this present season, visiting all the principal cities and towns on their route. Will also visit the West Indies, Canada, the Island of Cuba, New Brunswick, New Foundland and Nova Scotia, introducing to their extensive patrons one of the most pleasing and entertaining new original programmes ever offered in minstrelsy.
ADMISSION 50 CENTS.
SAM. POND, } Agents.
FLEMING ADAMS. }
C. H. DUPREZ, } Proprietors.
34-tf LEWIS BENEDICT, }

UNION HALL,
WILLIAMSBURGH, L. I.,
Junction of Division Avenue and Clyner street. Is the largest and unquestionably the best adapted Hall on Long Island for
CONCERTS, LECTURES,
MINSTREL AND
DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES.
It is fitted up in the most complete order. Large stage, full set of scenery, flies, reflectors, foot lights, etc. Will be rented to the profession on liberal terms. Apply at the office on the premises, or by mail to Box 195 Brooklyn, E. D., late Williamsburgh P. O. [27-13t* WILLEY & BROTHER.

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NEW COMBINATION TROUPE,
THE LARGEST TROUPE TRAVELING,
THE MOST VARIED AND AMUSING PERFORMANCE EVER WITNESSED IN THIS COUNTRY.
Will visit all the principal cities.
SAM SHARPLEY, Business Manager.
BILLY PASTOR, Stage Manager.
J. W. ALLINSON, Agent.
27-tf TONY PASTOR & CO., Proprietors.

LEVI J. NORTH, with his Stud of Trained HORSES and PONIES, will be in Philadelphia in the course of ten days. Any person wishing to negotiate may address to Chestnut Street House.
27-10t* LEVI J. NORTH.

MLLE. AURIOL,
PREMIER DANSEUSE.
All communications must be addressed to TONY DENIER, now performing at Hooley's New Opera House, Brooklyn, L. I. 25-3m*

PLUNKETT'S ATHENÆUM,
HAMILTON'S NEW HALL,
FORT WAYNE, IND.,
Will open for the season on MONDAY, Oct. 2, with a full Dramatic Company. Mr. PLUNKETT'S Season at
FORT WAYNE, TOLEDO, AND LAFAYETTE
is never less than nine months. First class stars please apply as above.
Emma Waller is engaged for six nights, commencing Oct. 16. Madame Methua Scheller commences on Nov. 6th 25-3m,

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MLLE. MARIETTA RAVEL,
(Niece of the renowned Ravels)
The unexcelled
PANTOMIMIST, DANSEUSE,
And
TIGHT ROPE ARTISTE,
Now drawing crowded houses at the Apollo Theatre, Lexington, Ky. Managers desirous of securing this young artiste for Star engagements of six or more nights will address
M. W. HANLEY,
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First Class Stars intending to visit Australia, can negotiate through GEORGE COPPIN, Theatrical Agent,
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BANJO TAUGHT. BANJO MADE EASY.
THE ONLY CORRECT METHOD. ANYBODY CAN LEARN.
GREAT SELF-TEACHING BANJO BOOK MAILED, $1.
Banjos made to order and sent to any part of the country.
Twenty years experience in teaching. Eight years a member of Bryants' Minstrels.
Hours from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M
JOHN SIVORI, successor to
34-1t* FRANK B. CONVERSE, 476½ Broadway.

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CHUBBUCK'S HALL, UTICA,
Next to the Post Office. This Hall is neatly decorated and fitted with stage, drop curtain and wings. Theatrical gas fixtures on the stage. Raised seats and gallery. Has been occupied by the Holman Opera Troupe sixty nights during the season. Rent $10 per night, or $50 per week including license. Apply to
S. W. CHUBBUCK,
Utica, N. Y.
Showmen are invited to look in. 31-3m*

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MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
The greatest IRISH VOCALIST and COMEDIENNE in the world, second to no one in English Comedy and Drama, will be disengaged early in January, after she is through at the Opera Comique, Boston.
Letters to be addressed to
KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
31-tf 210 Mulberry street, New York.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.,
Can be rented for Concerts, Lectures, and Public Amusements.
The Hall has been newly painted, decorated, ventilated, and otherwise improved.
It is located on the first floor, with four separate doors; being the Largest, most Eligible and Comfortable Hall in the City, seating 2,500. Address
CHARLES N. HARRINGTON,
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A. A. BACON.....Proprietor
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ENTIRE SATISFACTION
to all who may favor him with their patronage.
Terms always as low as the times will admit of. 24-tf

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THE VERSATILE COMEDIENNE,
In Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 2; Cincinnati, Oct. 23; Louisville, Nov. 6; Nashville, Dec. 4; Memphis, Jan. 8; Rochester, Jan. 22; Troy, Feb. 5; Boston, Feb 19. Address as above, or to
24-3m* ROBERT JONES, Howard Athenæum, Boston.

NED F. CAMPBELL.
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMER, can be engaged by addressing n. m. Box 419 Watertown, N. Y. 26-3m*

NEWARK THEATRE.
The above Theatre is now open for the Fall and Winter Season, with a full and first class Dramatic Company, under the management of
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First class Stars are invited to negotiate, to whom liberal terms will be offered.
Address their Business Agent,
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Newark Theatre, Newark, N. J.
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Managers wishing to engage the services of this young and talented artist, for star engagements, will address P. O. Box 220, Sheldon, Ill. 27-3t*

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VOCALISTS AND SWISS BELL PLAYERS.
MR. J. M. BOULARD,
MR. GEORGE GALLOWAY,
MR. A. H. FERNALD,
MISS CARRIE HIFFERT,
MISS AMY JENNER,
during their European tour, desire that all letters to them (business or friendly) should be addressed to the care of
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J. M. BOULARD, Manager.
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RAYNOR'S CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS
AND
BRASS BAND.
J. W. RAYNOR.....Sole Proprietor and Manager
THE ONLY PERSON HAVING THE RIGHT TO THE
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As decided by the Hon. Judge Davis, of the Court of Appeals, New York.
This Troupe, composed of Twenty acknowledged artists, are now on their Second Tour since their return from Europe.
They will appear in all the principal cities in the Union previous to the
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WALNUT ST. ABOVE EIGHTH, PHILADELPHIA.
OPEN FOR THE SEASON.
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R. FOX, Proprietor and Manager.
21 JAMES PILGRIM, Stage Manager.

ALL LETTERS FOR THE
Distinguished Tragedian,
MR LAWRENCE BARRETT,
[22-3m*] Must be addressed to LORAINE ROGERS.

MISS MAJOR PAULINE CUSHMAN,
THE GREAT SENSATION ACTRESS AND FEDERAL SPY, assisted by JAMES M. WARD, the popular Irish Comedian and Vocalist, are prepared to receive engagements for the Fall and Winter Season. Their repertoire consists of all the latest and most popular sensational Dramas and Farces Managers wishing to negotiate will address their sole business agent, A. D. FITCH, Revere House, N. Y., to Sept. 1st; after that Newark Theatre, Newark, N. J. 22-3m*

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'Tis large enough, and not too large by twice—
Is central in location, and moderate in price.
JACKSON HALL, JACKSON, JACKSON CO., MICH.,
with Stage, Scenery, Carpets, Footlights, &c.
Is a first class Hall, 100 by 45 feet, located in the centre of the city, and can be rented at the low price of $10 per night, or $60 per week.
15-6m* W. JACKSON.

THE CLASSIC AND BEAUTIFUL SUSAN DENIN
Will negotiate with first class managers for nights after Dec. 6th.
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NOTICE.—I hereby certify that MISS SUSAN DENIN has just closed the most successful engagement played in this city for years, her share in two weeks amounting to $2,186.50.
ANNIE EBERLIE, Lessee and Manageress.
Letters to be addressed to Clipper office. 29-3m*

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HARTFORD, CONN.
Adjoining American Hotel, with stage, foot lights and suitable dressing rooms, seats 800 to 1,000, to rent for Concerts, Lectures, Panoramas, Minstrels, etc. Where scenery is not required, terms low. Address
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On the corner of Ninth and D, one hundred feet from Pennsylvania avenue. The finest and most elegant Hall for Parties, Concerts, Minstrel and General Exhibition Room to be found in the City.
For further information address
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THE NEW THEATRE, NASHVILLE, TENN., having been refitted throughout, is now open.
Stars wishing time after January 1st, '66, will address
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The well known establishment called the EQUESCURRICULEM, the finest and best appointed Circus ever seen in North America, with 105 of the finest horses ever brought together in any country; 31 cages, wagons and carriages of finer workmanship than have ever been seen in the United States, including a new and splendid band chariot; the Bears, Buffaloes, and the entire collection of Trained Animals; the finest set of wood cuts ever gotten up in America; canvas, trappings, seats, poles and the entire paraphernalia of the institution in better shape for starting out than any concern on this side of the Atlantic, will be SOLD CHEAP if applied for at once. Every man in the business knows the value of this stock. The horses will be sold separately from the other property, or the whole in one lot, as may be agreed upon. For details apply to
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ANTHONY & LAWRANCE'S
Great
PANORAMA OF THE WAR.
THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD,
And
DECIDEDLY THE MOST INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE.
FOR SALE CHEAP
Any smart man can make a fortune with it. Address
MILO E. LAWRANCE,
No. 101 Main street,
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AGENT.—An active, go ahead business man, PRACTICALLY THEATRICAL.
Desires a position as agent for some first class Star or Troupe. Satisfactory testimonials, Address
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MISS NEOMIE DE MARGUERRITTES,
COMEDIENNE.
Managers wishing to negotiate for star engagements for this young and beautiful comedienne will please address
HENRY R. HELLIER,
Editor Weekly Programme,
32-3m Philadelphia, Pa.

EMPIRE HALL, Pekin, Ill.
WM. P. CHAIN and
R. BERGSTRESSER, } .....Proprietors.
This new and commodious Hall, capable of seating 1,200 persons, is now ready for occupancy, and is offered for Theatrical and Operatic Performances, Concerts, Lectures, &c., on reasonable terms. Is one of the best Halls in the State, furnished with water, gas, and all the modern improvements. For particulars and engagements enquire of WM. P. CHAIN,
26-12m*. Empire Block, Pekin, Ill.

NOW RETURNING WEST, from
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PHILADELPHIA and PITTSBURGH.

FITZ SIMMONS.

Appearing in all his popular Sensation Dramas, which have drawn crowded houses during every engagement.
Managers of Theatres desirous of engaging him for six or twelve nights, will address him care of
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FIRST CLASS STARS
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Open for all legitimate amusements. Will seat 1,200. Has stage scenery, dressing rooms, etc. No license to occupants. Address
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(LATE MUSEUM, BALTIMORE, MD.)
W. B. CAVANAGH.....Acting Manager
THE MOST SUMPTUOUS THEATRE AND MUSIC HALL IN THE WORLD.
NOW OPEN AND MEETING WITH
THE MOST FLATTERING SUCCESS.
BEING NIGHTLY CROWDED FROM PIT TO DOME.
A FIRST CLASS THEATRE,
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A FULL AND EFFICIENT ORCHESTRA.
TALENTED AND VERSATILE ARTISTS.
A Superb Ballet Troupe, led by the celebrated Italian Dancers,
SIGNORITA JULIETTA BROWNER
And
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The Greatest Dancers in the World.
First class variety artists will meet with lucrative situations by addressing the proprietors,
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